



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

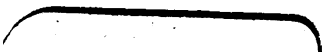
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 07496333 5

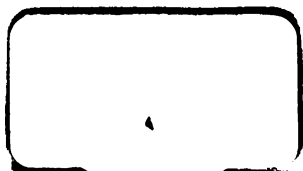
6312
The
Gordon Lester Ford
Collection
Presented by his Sons
Worthington Chauncy Ford
and
Paul Leicester Ford
to the
New York Public Library.



NBI

Tooker, M.

6312
The
Gordon Lester Ford
Collection
Presented by his Sons
Worthington Chauncy Ford
and
Paul Leicester Ford
to the
New York Public Library.



NBI

Tooker, M.

POEMS,
AND
JOTTINGS OF ITINERANCY
IN
WESTERN NEW-YORK,

IN TWO PARTS,

BY MANLY TOOKER,

[FORTY YEARS A MEMBER OF GENESEE CONFERENCE,]

10
ROCHESTER:
E. DARROW & BROTHER.
BENTON & ANDREWS, PRINTERS.
1860.

1000
N P

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

159387

**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1899.**

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From Rev. Job Pierson, Victor, N. Y., Pastor of Presbyterian Church.

POEMS, AND JOTTINGS OF ITINERANCY IN WESTERN NEW-YORK. In two parts. By M. TOOKER. Rochester: E. Darrow & Brother. 1860.

The Author has been for more than forty years a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Western New-York, and is now one of the oldest members of his Conference. He has occupied some of the most important pulpits of his own denomination, in this part of the State. For twelve years he was Presiding Elder, and for a time one of the Agents of the American Bible Society. Commencing his ministry at a period when, comparatively speaking, the country was new, and in some parts very sparsely settled; when communications of the more direct routes were very inferior, and often impossible, and the churches were feeble and more widely scattered. Mr. Tooker early experienced many of the adventures, hardships, and trials incident to the Methodist Itinerancy under such circumstances. Of his life, it may be truly said, it has been one of "journeyings often," of "perils of waters, perils in the wilderness, perils among false brethren," one of "weariness and painfulness, of watchings often." Few men have labored more zealously and successfully for the building up of his own denomination, and the promotion of the religious interests of this section. By his patient, persevering, kind, and winning spirit, by his

great knowledge of human nature, and remarkable tact, he has overcome difficulties which have baffled many. By his genial disposition and suavity of manner, and, above all, by his catholic and liberal spirit, he has won the esteem of all denominations. Mr. T., though now in the decline of life, is still "in his harness," and has found time, in moments of leisure, to prepare for the press some poems, which were suggested by the occurrence of various incidents in the course of his ministry. To them he has added a very valuable sketch of his life and labors. The volume cannot fail, we think, to deeply interest the many acquaintances and friends of the author, and even others who cherish an interest in the churches and localities to which his book relates. The work is for sale by E. Darrow & Brother, Rochester; W. J. Moses, Auburn; H. H. Otis, Buffalo; and the author, Lima, Livingston County, N. Y.

*From the Northern Christian Advocate, Auburn.—From Rev.
Z. Paddeck, D. D.*

My old and valuable friend, the Rev. MANLEY TOOKER, has greatly obliged me by bestowing and forwarding a fine copy of his "Poems, and Jottings of Itinerancy," just from the press of Darrow & Brother, Rochester. My partiality for the Author, may possibly have betrayed me into an over-estimate of his production. At any rate, I think it a very deserving one, and one that can hardly fail to be popular. To a selection from his poems, written at different times, and on various occasions, he has appended—in prose—a narrative of the more prominent events in his personal history.

The poems are genial, humorous, and eminently entertaining. Open where you will, and the author's sunshine instantly breaks upon you; so that before you are aware of it,

you will find yourself smiling. The least tinge of sadness, even when treating of things in themselves sad, will not be found in the whole collection; and those who are constitutionally or otherwise inclined to be heavy, will find appropriate relief by looking over these cheerful effusions. But, though cheerful, they are not *trifling*, abounding, as they do, in edifying thought. The most advanced Christian may read them with pleasure and profit.

The author's sketch of his personal history, adds very materially to the value of this beautiful little volume. It is written in good style, and with rare accuracy of discrimination; detailing just those events which his friends might wish to be acquainted with, and which can hardly fail to please and profit the general reader. In a word, I am persuaded that all who read this little book, will thank the author for writing and publishing it. The edition is too small, however, and my impression is that a *second* will soon be demanded.

Z. PADDOCK.

Binghamton, July 25, 1860.

great knowledge of human nature, and remarkable tact, he has overcome difficulties which have baffled many. By his genial disposition and suavity of manner, and, above all, by his catholic and liberal spirit, he has won the esteem of all denominations. Mr. T., though now in the decline of life, is still "in his harness," and has found time, in moments of leisure, to prepare for the press some poems, which were suggested by the occurrence of various incidents in the course of his ministry. To them he has added a very valuable sketch of his life and labors. The volume cannot fail, we think, to deeply interest the many acquaintances and friends of the author, and even others who cherish an interest in the churches and localities to which his book relates. The work is for sale by E. Darrow & Brother, Rochester; W. J. Moses, Auburn; H. H. Otis, Buffalo; and the author, Lima, Livingston County, N. Y.

*From the Northern Christian Advocate, Auburn.—From Rev.
Z. Paddock, D. D.*

My old and valuable friend, the Rev. MANLEY TOOKER, has greatly obliged me by bestowing and forwarding a fine copy of his "Poems, and Jottings of Itinerancy," just from the press of Darrow & Brother, Rochester. My partiality for the Author, may possibly have betrayed me into an over-estimate of his production. At any rate, I think it a very deserving one, and one that can hardly fail to be popular. To a selection from his poems, written at different times, and on various occasions, he has appended—in prose—a narrative of the more prominent events in his personal history.

The poems are genial, humorous, and eminently entertaining. Open where you will, and the author's sunshine instantly breaks upon you; so that before you are aware of it,

you will find yourself smiling. The least tinge of sadness, even when treating of things in themselves sad, will not be found in the whole collection ; and those who are constitutionally or otherwise inclined to be heavy, will find appropriate relief by looking over these cheerful effusions. But, though cheerful, they are not *trifling*, abounding, as they do, in edifying thought. The most advanced Christian may read them with pleasure and profit.

The author's sketch of his personal history, adds very materially to the value of this beautiful little volume. It is written in good style, and with rare accuracy of discrimination ; detailing just those events which his friends might wish to be acquainted with, and which can hardly fail to please and profit the general reader. In a word, I am persuaded that all who read this little book, will thank the author for writing and publishing it. The edition is too small, however, and my impression is that a *second* will soon be demanded.

Z. PADDOCK.

Binghamton, July 25, 1860.

INDEX.

Introduction.....	5
Cayuga and its Environs.....	9
My Boyhood's Home.....	12
The Child and Rattlesnake.....	14
The Old Oak Tree.....	17
The Pet Chickens.....	20
The Cruel Cobbler and his Strawberry Bed.....	23
The Dilapidated Chapel.....	25
The Burning of Asbury Chapel.....	27
The Forgotten Ladder.....	30
The Golden Rule.....	31
The Widow's Consolation.....	33
The Carrier's Address.....	35
Plea for the Bible Cause.....	39
My Quiet Rural Retreat.....	41
Primeval Beauty.....	42
Episcopal Prerogatives.....	43
2d Letter on Itinerancy.....	45
Silena's Benediction at Brockport.....	49
Reply to Silena.....	50
Genesee Vine.....	52
Memorials of Deceased Preachers.....	55
Elegy on Death of Rev. A Chase.....	60
Letter to Rev. Mr. Hawley.....	62
Will Worship.....	63
My Infirmary.....	66
Cosmopolite the Croaker.....	68
Cord and Tassels, at Geneva.....	72
On Witchcraft, to E. S. H.,.....	76
The Thunder Storm.....	79
My Lost Cane.....	81
A Stray Man.....	82
Wedding Salutations to my two Daughters.....	84

Little Mary's Portrait,.....	86
Lines Addressed to Mrs. M. M. Gross, M. D.,....	89
True Mourning,.....	90
New-Year's Address for Water-Cure Monthly, 1860,	91
The Aged Minister's Faithful Horse,.....	94
Genius of Poetry,.....	96
Acrostic to Miss M. F. McHam,.....	98
Acrostics to Fanny and Persis Locke,.....	99
Carving a Turkey,.....	100
To Miss Eliza Hughes,.....	101
A Wedding Scene—E. K. Blyth, Esq.,.....	102
A Plea for Ministerial Help, to Rev. D. Nutten,...	104
Obituary,.....	107
My Latest Sweet Home,.....	108
Sketch of the Writer's Life and Labors,.....	111
Parentage,.....	115
Birth and Education,.....	116
Entrance upon the Duties of a Circuit,.....	120
Never Supernumerary,.....	122
Appointment to Scipio,.....	124
" Marcellus Circuit,.....	124
" Litchfield and Canajoharie,.....	125
" Cayuga Circuit,.....	126
" Auburn,.....	127
" Geneva,.....	128
" Penn Yan,.....	129
" Brockport,.....	131
" Elmira,.....	132
" Rochester District,.....	136
" Rochester East Station,.....	143
" Ontario District,.....	144
" Agency of American Bible Soc.,..	145
" Canandaigua,.....	146
" Vienna,.....	148
" Pittsford,.....	150
" Victor,.....	153
" Honeoye Falls,.....	156
Oriental Maxims,.....	157

TO THE READER:

In submitting the following miscellaneous thoughts to the press, no labored apology is deemed necessary. The reader will be left to form his own judgment of the merits of the book when he shall have read it. To prejudge is disingenuous, and a premature decision is no verdict. "A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it in until afterward." It may not be improper to state, that these effusions were, many of them, written upon the wheel of tumult, or under the pressure of official duties, and were never intended for publication, with the exception of a few, which have appeared in the columns of the newspapers. The frequent calls for copies from my scrap-book, has led to the conclusion that I should do a favor to many personal friends, by yielding to the expressed wishes of a few, upon whose candor and judgment I have deemed it safe to rely. The poems have undergone but a slight revision, knowing that any considerable change in language would impair the naturalness and inspiration of the original copy. Any defects which may be discoverable, will find an excuse in the fact that this is the first book of an unpretending author, who has resisted the temptation to book-making for two score of years. *Carried off at last* by the infectious epidemic, which consigned more than 50,000 publications to oblivion during the last century, I will not

indulge the pride or presumption of asking an *immortality* for incidental memoranda, whose utmost aspirations will have been answered by an ephemeral existence. The writer having allowed his private thoughts to go abroad, with the consciousness of having the cause of truth and virtue at heart, will not allow himself to be unduly depressed or elated by the voice of popular censure or capricious praise.

M. TOOKER.

Honeoye Falls, May 1, 1860.

PREFACE TO SECOND PART.

It is said of Pascal, that "he wrote most of his thoughts on little scraps of paper, at by moments." The cursory "jottings" superadded to the poems of this volume have been written hastily, since the poems were in *type*, as they did not enter into the original design. The incidents are intended to be truthful, and may serve to perpetuate a few *reminiscences*, aside from what is personal, that some, at least, will deem interesting and valuable.

THE AUTHOR.

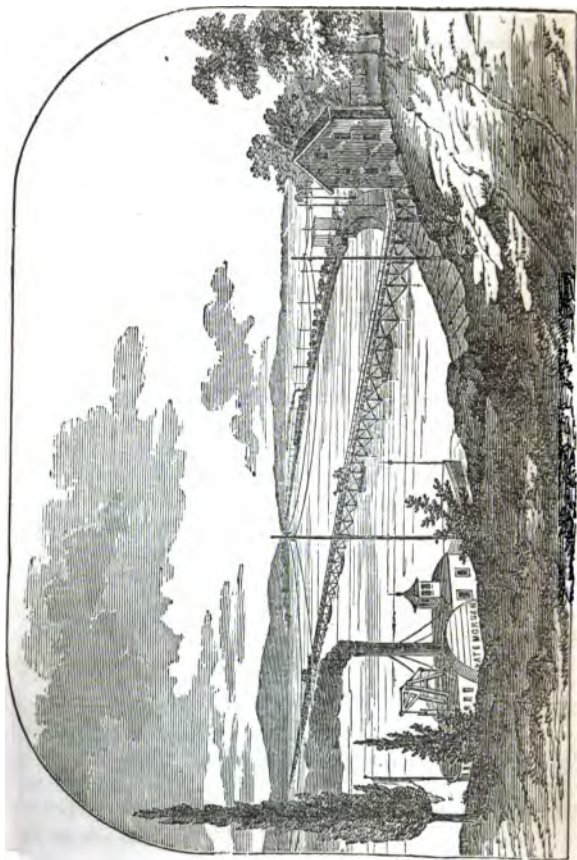
June 27, 1860.

ERRATA.

Page 72, first line at top, for "Genesee" read *Geneva*.

Page 73, third line of fifth verse, for "strong fire" read *strange* fire.

Page 77, second line from bottom, for "common day" read *common clay*.



CAYUGA BRIDGE AND RAILROAD.

CAYUGA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

(See profile on opposite page.)

1. Awakened by charms which know no decay,
Cayuga, to thee my muse brings her lay;
Thy shore richly clad with wild evergreen,
In halcyon beauty no longer is seen.
2. Thy cedars, whose fragrance the red man once
cheered,
Are hewn for the temples our fathers have reared;
The Indian's canoe no more is found here,
The wolf, and the bear, and the frolicsome deer.
3. The natives have quenched their last council fire;
No more we behold their scanty attire;
Their wigwams have vanished, their hunters have
fled,
Their warwhoop has ceased, the chiefs, they are
dead.
4. Fair Lake ! thy shorn locks we deeply deplore,
Yet thy head has been crowned and honored the
more ;

The gems on thy bosom with transport I view;
The triumphs of genius have decked thee anew.

5. When emigrants came to spy out the land ;
No bridge spanned thy waves, or telegraph wand,
No railway on piles usurped thy domain,
No *steamer*, with wares of all nations in train !
6. But now o'er thy surface steam chariots glide,
And swift as the eagle whole armies do ride;
All battered and worn the bridge now appears—
A text book in tatters—a comment on years.
7. Thy graceful " Kate Morgan " makes daily returns,
But owes to thy grace the glory she earns.
From her deck I behold my boyhood's dear home,
Where sportive, in youth, I delighted to roam.
8. There a landscape most lovely enraptures my view ;
A bright panorama the lake I first knew ;
A thousand enchantments I see as I roam,
But none have the charms of my early sweet home.
9. Environed with fields and studded with domes,
These shores now abound with beautified homes.
How changed every object, excepting in name ;
But thou, fair Cayuga, remainest the same.
10. Thy ravines, and glens, and streamlets abide ;
But gone are the mates who played at my side,

When mirthful I gleaned bright pebbles and flowers,
And joy filled the cup of my juvenile hours.

11. 'Twas there I first drew my infantile breath,
And there lie my friends in the shadow of death;
The home of my youth and manhood's first stage,
I greet thee once more in the autumn of age.
12. Adieu! fairest emblem of pureness and grace;
Perennial beauties adorn thy fair face.
No more shall I ramble along thy bright shore;
No more shall I greet thee—*no more!* NO MORE.



MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

THE family residence of my father, the late J. TOOKER, Esq. was situated near Ludlowville, Tompkins County, N. Y., on a commanding eminence near the eastern border of Cayuga Lake, nine miles from its head. The prospect south and west is one of the most picturesque and beautiful that can be imagined. Nine miles in length and from two to five in breadth of the lake, with the flourishing village of Ithaca at its head, occupies the centre of the panorama, while the borders are embellished with numerous villas and the variegated beauties of a rich and highly cultivated country.

-
1. Dear to my heart is the sweet home of childhood,
Still brightly beaming on life's faded scroll,
And dear is each scene where in wayward and
wild mood,
Reckless I've rambled, disdaining control.

2. Fond memory still in the dim distance traces
The favorite haunts of my juvenile days,
And freshly restores the loved objects and faces
That ere now have grown old or gone to decay.
3. The prime, stately old mansion, whose storm-
beaten front
Has forty long years withstood the rude blast,
Like a sensible friend, decrepid and blunt,
Is honored the more for its hoary cast.
4. And the lofty green poplars that far off are seen
Waving their proud heads above all compeers,
Seem stationed, like genji, to guard the demesne
From the elements' strife and the lapse of years.
5. Still blooming and beautiful the garden we see,
Richly filled with rare fruits, and flowers, and
plants,
While the smooth, verdant lawn, and the choice
Shrubbery
Invite us to ramble among their green haunts.
6. And fresh the rich landscape, whose ample view fills,
The distant, fair prospect that rises all round,
Embracing the lake, villages, valleys and hills,
And views that in grandeur and beauty abound.

1. But, alas! there remains of those hallowed scenes,
 Only nature and ruins to impart
 The dim but true features that memory gleams,
 Of my boyhood's home, still dear to my heart.

By L. TOOKER, Esq., 1843.

THE CHILD AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

The incident here described occurred at my "boyhood's home," in Lansing, Tompkins County, in 1802, when the writer was but two years old. It was often referred to by my venerable mother, and to her mind seemed to foreshadow the moral conflict and perils of my manhood, which I have witnessed in the prosecution of forty years itinerancy, under the protection of a kind Providence. With countless hair-breadth escapes I have travelled unharmed, upon official duty, a distance equal to more than three times around the globe.

Near fair Cayuga's eastern shore
 A merchant reared his humble store,
 On rising ground, begirt with wood,
 Where late the frowning forest stood.
 The emigrant, with wife and child,
 Was pleased with toil, where fortune smiled,

And, joining husbandry with trade,
He saw improvements daily made.
His first-born child, an infant son,
Was left at times to play alone;
And when in merriment he strayed,
Of nothing did he seem afraid.
When Spring with beauty decked anew,
Adorned the fields with richest hue,
And birds their minstrel notes employed,
The prattling boy his sport enjoyed;
The sun shone bright on zephyrs warm,
And bees went forth to work or swarm.
And charmed with flowers and pretty things,
Our hero felt the want of wings.
His route across the dooryard lay,
And at the gate he paused to play,
For there a rattlesnake he found,
Half-coiled, and near him, on the ground.
With salutations free as air,
Rudely he beat the serpent there,
As through the fence he plied his hand
To execute a child's command.
Each blow drew forth a thrilling strain,
With interludes till whipped again,
When louder still the serpent sung,
And nimbly moved his forked tongue.

Yet harmless was the poisoned fang,
While undismayed the prattler sang.

Startled, he saw a human face;
'Twas *mother*, who had reached the place,
And, as she drew her darling back,
Her boy exclaimed, "*I whipped the snak!*"

Thus, when the reign of sin shall cease,
And all shall know the Prince of Peace,
The wolf and lamb shall meet and play,
And children sport with beasts of prey.
E'en now the God of mercy spreads
His gracious wings around their heads,
'Midst hidden dangers every hour,
And saves them from the tempter's power;
And, sheltered there, no foe can harm
The child protected by his arm.



THE OLD OAK TREE.

A JUVENILE EXPLOIT.

The following incident occurred in 1808, while my father was at Albany selecting his winter stock of goods. Detained beyond the time of his expected return, the "wood" was nearly exhausted, and the expedient to replenish the stock of fuel was resorted to as described below.

1. THE wind blew cold, the fields were bare,
And clouds, careering, thronged the air;
November's frost, and forest sere,
Proclaimed that winter snows were near.
2. The stinted coals, the gleaming hearth,
Too plainly told of fire a dearth;
With ample stores of clothes and food,
They could not serve instead of wood.

3. A mother's son, but eight years old,
Conceived a scheme, discreet, but bold,
To bring at once a large supply
Of choicest fuel from on high.
4. Large trees grew near, whose girdled forms
Had long withstood the angry storms;
A *leaning oak* grew large and tall—
That tree the lad resolved should fall.
5. An axe, too large for boys to wield,
He seized, and marched into the field,
Assured that mighty works, if done,
Must first in faith be *well begun*.
6. On close inspection it was found
The tree was hollow near the ground;
The elements with slow decay
Had wasted half its strength away.
7. The wind was blowing from the west,
And leeward leaned the giant's crest,
Which gave our young Archimedes
The power to fell the tree with ease.
8. The gale increased with every hour,
And still increased the tyro's power
To bring the forest monarch low,
-And crown his next succeeding blow.

9. Weary at length, a seat he found
Behind a stump upon the ground,
Where he could rest, and, sheltered, see
The cracking, waving, trembling tree.
10. Rested, another blow he dealt,
With joy which Washington scarce felt,
When courage on the battle-field
Compelled superior force to yield.
11. The thund'ring crash at home was heard;
The lad was killed, by some 'twas feared,
Till soon the shouting victor's tone
Exclaimed, I "felled the tree—alone."
12. The tempest, which had done the most,
Was quite forgotten in the boast;
When homeward, out of breath, he ran,
And proudly thought himself a *man*.
13. So do the vaunting sons of pride
Set Christ and sov'reign grace aside ;
While every work of grace but proves
That *power is where God's Spirit moves*.

Vienna, May 26th, 1854.



THE PET CHICKENS.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.—I JOHN, v. 21.

1. THERE lived a lad more bless'd than many,
Twelve years of age, in West Vienna;*
Obedient and kind was he—
A boy of noted industry.
2. His parents, wont to please their son,
Left nothing in their power undone
To foster every good desire,
And raise each noble passion higher.

* Robert Newton, my youngest son.

3. Fond of the feathered tribe, when tame,
He sought for fowls of fairest fame :
The Dorkin, Cochin, Shanghai race,
And ducks and doves of charming grace.
4. A distant friend bequeathed him eggs,
Five-toed (when hatched), and yellow legs;
And just three weeks of incubation
Brought forth a royal feathered nation.
5. This brood of promise, watched and fed,
To henhood's zenith onward sped,
And grew midst every kind of weather,
Proud of their own peculiar feather.
6. At length a clan of native crest
Made war upon the princely nest,
And picked to death, in angry mood,
One of that royal foreign brood.
7. And now young Newton mourned to see
The fruit of hen depravity;
His *own* concealed in error's shade,
While worshipping what God had made.
8. The loss submissively he bore,
Yet prized the number left the more;
Nor could he learn by this decree
To check his rank Idolatry.

9. Intent to guard with anxious care
Two of this brood of plumage rare,
 Whose size and blood were Newton's boast,—
 The chieftains of his poultry roost.
10. At length the pullet disappeared,—
 By some foul play of boys 'twas feared,
 Or shot in some adjacent garden,
 Where trespassers obtain no pardon.
11. No trace of pullet could be found
 In all the neighborhood around,
 Till three full days had passed away
 And noon arrived of Sabbath-day.
12. Reclining on the window-sill,
 And looking out, as children will,
 Virginia,* from her bed-room spied
 The place where Newton's *idol* died.
13. Behind the coop it ventured in,
 Where prudent fowls had never been;
 And where no danger seemed to lie,
 It found a snare in which to die.
14. In pensive mood Virginia bore
 The famished victim to the door,
 And laid it on a kitchen chair,
 And called her cousin Newton there.

Virginia Prescottt Tooker, my niece. An account of her may be found in one of the S. S. volumes of the M. E. C., entitled, "The Early Dead!"

15. He came in haste—in glee, alas!
Not knowing what had come to pass,
And sighed, with interrupted breath,
To see his choicest fowl in death.
16. He looked, and turned away to hide
The tears of disappointed pride;
And learned, by this, with tearful eye,
How soon life's glories fade and die.

Vienna, November, 1853.

THE CRUEL COBBLER AND HIS STRAW- BERRY BED.

TRUTH AND NO FICTION.

1. A COBBLER lived once in a village, 'tis said,
Where with hammer and awl he labored for bread;
And by some means 'tis known he daily was fed,
In the sweat of his brow, near a strawberry bed.
2. Not a chicken had he, to trouble his head—
And if others came near, he quick dropped his
thread,
And stoning the rebels, would leave them half dead,
For seeking the worms near his strawberry bed.

3. He lived but three doors from a Preacher, 't is said,
Whose doctrines ill suited his heart or his head;
For he held that all go to heaven when dead,
Except those who trouble his strawberry bed.
4. Eight fowls he had killed, which the Preacher had
bred,
Who, being aggrieved, sent his wife in his stead,
To ask for the cause, with trembling and dread —
What harm they had done to his strawberry bed.
5. "No money," quoth he, "by mints ever made,
Can atone for my pains, and the sweat I have shed,
On these plants I have reared, though now they
seem dead,
Yet the Spring will revive my strawberry bed."
6. "Now November has come, and our fowls are
well fed,"
Quoth the lady again, "on what can they tread?
The garden is bare, where our chickens have bled,
What harm can they do to your strawberry bed?"
7. "That is best known to me," our Cobbler quick said,
In tones of a Turk, ere the messenger fled;
"Your fowls I shall feed with powder and lead,
If they trespass again on my strawberry bed!"

8. Our Cobbler still lives, yet to honor is dead;
 And thousands, like him, to selfishness wed,
 As *cruel* and *mean*, whom neighbors all dread—
 And joined to some idol—some *strawberry bed!*
-

THE DILAPIDATED OLD CHAPEL.

Poetical conclusion of an Address delivered on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the M. E. Church at Newark, Wayne County, N. Y., May 23, 1854.

"Let us rise and build."—Neh. ii: 18.

How vain the excuses, and various, too,
 When God gives his children good service to do:
 Some cannot arise and shut to the door,*
 Without pay in advance, on a hireling's score.
 Were God to do thus, in the good he bestows,
 No language could paint the extent of our woes.
 No profit we bring, not a mite do we give,
 To Him on whose bounty we constantly live;
 And yet, when He asks us to lend Him our aid,
 A thousand excuses are instantly made.
 "I go," said our Lord, "to prepare you a place,
 Where the faithful shall dwell, made perfect by grace.
 Your offerings bring to my storehouse on earth,

Mal., i: 10.

As gold and frankincense were brought at my birth ;
 And your substance employ'd to honor my name,
 Shall silence gainsayers, and put them to shame ;
 But if to aggrandize yourselves ye make haste,
 And suffer my house, by your lust, to lie waste,
 In those mansions above, the place I prepare,
 No miser shall enter, no worldling shall share."

See'st thou an old chapel, discolored with mould,
 Erected when Christians loved God more than gold —
 Whose moss-covered roof and storm-beaten wall
 And powder-post pillars are ready to fall ;
 Where herds, if assembled, might bellow complaints,
 In changing their stalls for the pews of the saints ;
 Where cobwebs, like crape, in festoons hang round,
 And pillars, like mourners, half broken are found,
 And their most holy place, with benches awry,
 Crown the place where the rich offend the Most High !
 A tithe of the cost these hypocrites waste
 Would suffice for a temple, rich, ornate, and chaste.
 Of humility proud, they love with their tongues,
 And build up God's cause with the force of their lungs.
 God dwells in the tent, till the ark comes to rest,
 Where the Owner of all should be served with the best ;
 But when mortals rob God of the tithes he demands —
 Of the fruit of the fields, or the work of their hands —
 Their souls remain barren, and infidels mock
 These Achans, called Christians, the goats in God's flock.

Keeping back the most precious, with impious guile,
There is that withholds and grows poor the meanwhile,
While "the liberal soul," devising great deeds,
Shall stand most securely, and have all he needs.

I was glad when they said, Let us go to the place
Where God has displayed his bounty and grace,
And the people enlarge their tent for the Lord,
And stretch forth its curtains, and strengthen its cord;
Within its foundation our motto we'll lay,
Secured from the elements' waste and decay;
And when fate breaks the seal, a cross-bearing host
May read, "God is with us"—John Wealey's last boast.

ON THE BURNING OF ASBURY CHAPEL,

In Lansing, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Jan. 1, 1854, in which I
made my first effort to preach, in 1819. A copy of the
Bible deposited in the corner-stone, it was reported,
was removed from the ruins uninjured.

1. No more that holy house is found,
Whose venerated name
Betokened well to all around
A Christian hero's fame.
2. The Word of Life the fire endures—
Like grass was all beside;

It lives unscathed, God's overtures,
Our only hope and guide.

3. Our temples are but shadows here,
Corruptible and frail,
And soon or later disappear,
And like their builders fail.
4. On wings of flame the house of prayer
Has mounted to the skies,
And they who long have worshipped there,
When Christ appears, shall rise.
5. Elijah's chariot waited there,
For some whom God did love,
And risen, now with Christ they share
Their Father's house above.
6. There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal in the sky;
On Zion's heights that building stands,
Unseen by mortal eye.
7. A sacramental host have walked
Along by Jordan's shore,
And while in fellowship they talk'd,
Their fellows were no more.
8. Their exit we beheld with tears,
And saw their mantle fall;

'Midst outward fightings, inward fears,
They heard the Master's call.

9. Within the walls now turned to dust,
Their strength was oft renewed,
Till He, in whom was all their trust,
Without a vail was viewed.
10. There once I felt the Spirit's power
Steal o'er my raptured soul,
And whispered in that gracious hour—
"Thy spirit is made whole."
11. And there my vows to God I paid,
With trembling and with tears;
The call "to go" I there obeyed,
Which claims my lengthened years.
12. My Ebenezer there I raised,
Where help was found in prayer;
In Bacas valley oft I praised,
For showers descended there.
13. *"Saved as by fire,"* and fully saved,
Through faith in Christ alone;
My refuge strong, in Him I hide,
My *"sure foundation-stone."*

14. Then let the elements destroy
 These temples formed of clay—
 For that above we wait with joy
 Which never shall decay!

April 29, 1854.

THE FORGOTTEN LADDER;

OR, MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

A POOR dependent man I knew,
 Who borrowed favors not a few;
 With neighbors kind on every side,
 His daily wants were well supplied.
 At length with means to buy and build,
 And house with every comfort filled,
 He passed his word to foe and friend
 He'd never borrow more, or lend.
 He could not think of one thing more,
 Within nor yet without the door,
 Which now was needed to insure
 His independence of the poor.
 At length, as near his home he came,
 He looked, and saw a kindled flame
 Rise from his new and spacious roof,

Which put his selfish vow to proof.
 "A ladder!" cried the frantic lord;
 "One thing I lack—O, curse my word!
 A ladder, friends, to quench the fire!
 A ladder will you loan or hire?"
 His neighbors heard his frantic cry,
 Yet none would venture to come nigh;
 Nor could a ladder, short or long,
 Be loaned from all the gazing throng,
 Till, levelled to the ground, that day
 That ingrate's house in ruins lay.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

1. As ye would that others should do unto you
 The things that are equal, and honest, and true,
 So do ye to them, was the Saviour's command,—
 A rule which all nations can well understand.
2. This standard divine, by which actions are weighed,
 In whose scales all our thoughts and motives are laid,
 Shall govern the Judge, of whom none can complain,
 With the measure ye mete ye shall have yours again.
3. Were this sacred precept the rule of our lives,
 The umpire of neighbors, of husbands and wives,

Of rulers and subjects, all over the land,
By liberal things might the liberal stand.

4. Then the rich and the poor together might meet,
And neither for gain would dissemble or cheat;
The grief of the widow, and orphan distressed,
Would find speedy relief, and all the oppressed.
5. In those balances weighed shall be seen the just sum
That is due to the murderous venders of rum;
'Twere better by far they had never been born,
When the Judge in his wrath shall expose them to
scorn.
6. Were slavery, the sum of all villainies, tried
By this rule, which oppressors have all set aside,
Nebraska's free soil could never be trod
By chattelized man, in the image of God.
7. The Pope's cruel power would speedily end,
And the merciless foe turn brother and friend;
And this precept observed, which angels obey,
Gross darkness were turned to millennial day!
8. No longer would law by mobs be made void,
Nor lives without number by war be destroyed;
Nor men need restraints such as brutes must needs
feel,
Though none but Omniscience their deeds could
reveal.

9. No law against love a good conscience can find;
 Love seeks not its own, but is generous and kind,
 Intent to do good, for the needy will plead,
 Nor wait for another's example to lead.
10. Then let not extortion my conscience defile,
 Nor my lips know deceit, detraction, or guile;
 The love of my neighbor preferred above gold,
 Let my thoughts, words, and deeds, by love be controlled.

Vienna, April 17th, 1854.

THE WIDOW'S CONSOLATION.

TO THE WIDOW OF P. VORSE, ESQ., OF RUSHVILLE, YATES
 COUNTY, N. Y.:

1. "Hope thou in God," when sorrows come,
 And urge thee to thy native home,
 Where tears are wiped away:
 The night of grief shall cease to reign,
 And joyous morn return again—
 The dawn of endless day.

2. "Trust thou in God," when friends are taken,
 Jehovah's word remains unshaken—
 The dead in Christ are blest.
 They suffer, weep, and die no more—
 With loved companions, gone before,
 They share an endless rest.
3. "Hope thou in God," He can console
 The contrite and desponding soul,
 Disquieted in vain.
 The blessings we most highly prize
 Are oft concealed from mortal eyes,
 And heralded by pain.
4. "Hope thou in God," in him alone,
 To whom thy every grief is known.
 He holds the cup we drink—
 Who gives to us "*exceeding more*
Abundantly" from mercy's store
 Than we can ask or think.
5. "Hope thou in God," thine "anchor" this,
 Secured within the veil of bliss,
 Till all life's storms shall end:
 The great Forerunner, enter'd there,
 Shall listen to the widow's prayer—
 Shall be the orphan's friend!

Canandaigua, September 15th, 1851.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS AND FRIENDS OF THE NORTHERN
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, 1852.

Kind patrons and friends, to the muse lend an ear,
While she chants for you all a *Happy New Year!*
With greetings most cordial, with love and good-will,
The task she attempts, without boasting of skill.

On the birthday of Time, in Heaven's employ,
The angels rejoiced, and shouted for joy;
And they who are good may continue the song,
And improve all events as years roll along.

Sadly changed is our world, and that for the worse,
But joys still are found, notwithstanding the curse;
And 'tis hoped you are happy, who love to peruse
Our "Northern" young Argus, devoted to news.

You have read in our sheet, while the paper was wet,
How the South and the North do wrangle and fret,
Discussing the question of Rights and the *Slave*,
Who flees from oppression, not fearing the grave.

Our country at large, in Freedom's just cause,
Revere the great Ruler and giver of laws;

Some speak for the dumb, as Wilberforce spake,
Or the eloquent Adams, for righteousness' sake.

On Kossuth's arrival, all parties and sects
Forget all distinctions, and pay their respects,
And welcome the Magyar, our noble, brave guest,
Who weeps over Hungary, duped and oppressed.

Were the good La Fayette and Washington here,
Whose names are a tower of strength far and near,
The trio, as one, might say to the world,
"The Banner of Freedom no more shall be furled."

Jenny Lind might be proud to sit at their feet,
And summon the minstrels of Europe to meet,
And chant with a voice that all nations might hear,
"The lovers of Freedom have nothing to fear."

That princess of song, with a generous hand,
Bestowed many gifts on the poor of our land—
Bequeathed of her bounty, as men give a toy—
But made no bequest to your Carrier Boy!

But he is content in the line of his duty,
Nor envies the Nightingale's power or beauty:
'Tis greater, by far, with his weary Pegasus,
To scatter good news, than to sing on Parnassus.

This New Year of our Lord—this young *Fifty-Two*—
Says, "Do with thy might what thy hands find to do;"

Boast not of a day, which never may come—
The present is yours, of life the whole sum.

On the Railroad of Time some seek a new track,
But more a conveyance to carry them back;
Could idlers control the Great Engineer,
Some would stop by the way full half of the year.

The last year was colder, some days of December,
Than parallel days in the years we remember,
And ran with such speed that he ran out of breath,
And so far to the north that he froze quite to death!

And now we're reminded by winter's cold snows,
Of the victims of Bacchus—their numberless woes—
Half a million, 'tis said, in our nation appear,
Who by rum are deprived of a Happy New Year.

If "Maine" should remove the inebriate's bowl,
New-York should give signs that she has a soul,
And lighten our taxes and lessen our crimes,
That Printers and Patrons might see better times.

In this wonderful age, perfection is sought
In science, and art, and the power of thought;
All nations made neighbors, the Press is in motion,
To spread light and truth from ocean to ocean.

Perfection in *grace* should also be sought,
As Wesley, and Fletcher, and Christ himself taught;

And when ye have reached it, beware *how* ye boast—
Remember poor Peter, and say, "*Lord, thou know'st!*"

By the power of steam, with an eagle's sway,
The journey of weeks is performed in a day;
By telegraph speed, on a railway of wire,
Comes the lightning of words, and we read and admire.

An aerial trip to the World's Great Fair,
Would eclipse "*Crystal Palace*," and all things there—
New-York is the spot where the nations next meet,
And who knows but London will own herself beat!

May that Palace become the Temple of Peace—
A Congress of Nations, to cause war to cease:
When ploughshares are made of swords, muskets and
spears,
The nations shall flourish, through all coming years.

California merits a place in our story,
With Gold for her staple, and Freedom her glory,
That new mart of nations, with laws well defined,
May soon be the foremost to bless all mankind.

That wonderful Art, which speaks to the sight,
Giving color to thoughts, and wings for their flight,
By which the hid treasures of truth are made known,
Shall cause cruel tyrants to quake on the throne.

Intelligence opens two worlds to our view,
 Republican Christians pay tribute where due,
 And though stars fall to dust, and planets decay,
 The laws of Jehovah 'tis theirs to obey.

Mark well Zion's "bulwarks" and count all her "towers,"
 With "God in her midst," enlarging her bowers,
 Displayed in our columns, and brought to your doors,
 Though snows are descending, and Old Boreas roars.

The annual circuit of Earth round the Sun,
 To-day with great speed is again well begun;
 The news shall go forth, though the tides shall lie still,
 Every week of the year, if Providence will.

The poor ye have always, 'tis well understood,
 "And whenever ye will, ye may do them good;"
 Would you hope to be blest, remove ev'ry barrier,
 "*Remember the poor*, and forget not THE CARRIER.

PLEA FOR THE BIBLE CAUSE.

1. STEWARDS of the Lord, be wise,
 Lodge your treasures in the skies,
 By your alms attest your love,
 Jewels change for crowns above.

2. Shall six hundred millions cry,
And for lack of knowledge die?
Shall not we who have the light
Dissipate their endless night?
3. Grace and truth can cheer their gloom,
God's pure word avert their doom;
On this book our hopes repose,
Balm of Heaven for human woes.
4. God, who gave the word of old,
Claims the silver and the gold;
For the poor he makes his claim,
Jesus is his surety's name.
5. He hath all our wants supplied,
Shall he ask and be denied?
He that lendeth to the Lord
Shall not fail of his reward.
6. Friends of God, your help he needs;
For the heathen, mercy pleads;
Would ye render God his due,
Give, as God hath given you.
7. Aid to spread the word divine,
Faithful to our Lord's design;
Waft his banner here unfurled;
Give the Bible to the world!

CHORUS.—Go! blest book, like Noah's dove,
 Speed thy angel flight of love.
 Joyfully we lend thee wings,
 Message from the King of Kings.

MY QUIET RURAL RETREAT,

Written at the close of four years labor in the agency of the American Bible Society, in Western New-York, the state of my health having made a return to the pastorate, and the quietness of home, indispensable.

1. REMOTE from city pride,
 Unenvied by the great,
 Contented, I reside
 With men of low estate.
2. No more abroad I roam
 My mission to fulfil,
 "In labors oft" from home,
 Weary, and worn, and ill.
3. What though no daily mail
 Nor telegraph is near;
 Nor ships with steam or sail,
 Nor printing press is here.
4. The countless forms of art,
 And scenes of years gone by,

No longer cheer my heart,
And charm the ear and eye.

5. Yet God himself is here,
And gives me health and meat;
And friends unite to cheer
My pastoral retreat.
6. What can I more desire—
Except it be more grace
To toil, endure, expire,
And find God's resting place?

Rushville, May 3, 1850.

PRIMEVAL BEAUTY.

1. WHEN the Great Author of our race
At first adorn'd the human face,
His own bright image was the plan
On which he form'd the new-made man.
 2. When Eve was taken from his side,
A gifted, happy, royal bride,
A portrait of her heart was seen,
In woman's "meek and quiet" mien.
 3. Primeval beauty shone so bright,
'Midst scenes of unalloy'd delight,
And moral charms so pure were made,
That Adam's loss was well repaid.
-

4. The first daguerreotype impressed
God's moral likeness in the breast;
This image lost, the present race
Conceal the heart and paint the face.
5. Art now its magic power lends
To counterfeit the face of friends,
But if on hearts you still would look,
Read prayerfully God's Holy Book.

Rushville, May 2, 1850.

EPISCOPAL PREROGATIVES.

My fourth appointment in the Genesee Conference occurred in August, 1823, to "Litchfield and Canajoharie" Circuit, on the Mohawk, requiring a removal from Lansing, Tompkins Co., near my father's, of about 100 miles. My father's declining health, and the state of his affairs, together with the recent severe illness of my wife, by which she was still confined, prevented my going to the Conference. I therefore forwarded a particular statement of the circumstances to two Presiding Elders, Rev. C. Giles and G. Gary; but Bishop George, under a misapprehension of my case, overruled the judgment of my friends, and exhibited such proof of human fallibility as brought my confidence in the itinerant system and its appliances, to an almost fatal test. Eight days after the decision of the Bishop, I received the notice of my

appointment, to which I replied in the following poetical effusion, addressed to my Presiding Elder, at Sauquoit. (See "The Pioneer," by Rev. C. Giles, page 304.) After a few weeks, we were able to remove, by water—going down the Cayuga lake, and thence by the canal to Utica, where, by means of an easy conveyance, my wife, at much hazard, was taken to her father's, Dr. Farwell, in Paris, Oneida Co., contiguous to my extensive Circuit.

The dark, mysterious providence was mercifully overruled, as clearly as in the case of Joseph. By means of extraordinary attentions my wife narrowly escaped the grave, after a perilous confinement of four months, and in June following with our first born, we returned to Lansing, in consequence of my father's decease during my absence. To have buried him *first*, as I might have done without remitting my itinerant labors near home, would have prepared me for a cheerful removal to the remotest field.

Taught by this early discipline, to look for "no certain dwelling-place," the lesson has been improved during 40 years of unremitted travel, by choosing, in every instance, only a temporary residence, and that within the bounds of the Circuit, Station, or District assigned me. The response was as follows :

DEAR BROTHER GILES: Your love came safe to hand
On yesterday—eight days from Westmoreland.
At Ludlowville I read my destination,
And hastened home, wrapt up in meditation.
Till now my aching heart and palsied hand
Have both refused to own the late command;

But sober thinking, joined with love to you,
 Through grace, work mightily to will and do.
 At first, I stood and wept — then knelt to know
 Why fate should fix my future station so.
 In every aspect, Litchfield seemed to me
 Remote as heathen isles or Nineveh.
 To other regions I was wont to sail,
 But might not hope to meet with Jonah's whale;
 And if at home I stayed, 'tis known to you,
 My sin would be like his, and portion, too,
 I'm in a strait, where life or death depends —
 Kind Heaven, save me! bless my cruel friends!
 My house, and barn, and garden, all well stored
 By Heaven's blessing, under Jonah's gourd,
 Must all be counted loss, and left behind,
 With wife disabled, to her bed confined.
 * * * But mystic Providence shall not prevent
 My going forward, whither I am sent—
 Since Pope and Calvin, George and Giles unite,
 I'll shout with them, "*Whatever is, is right!*"

Lansing, August 1, 1823.

SECOND EPISTLE ON ITINERANCY.

My fifth appointment, for 1824, was to the "Cayuga" Circuit, where I had been brought up. The Conference for this year being held in my native town, and among my kindred,

Whose fame was so exceeding great:

No wonder his repulse was such,

Since a Doolittle did so much!

Sir, please to send by mail to me

Your Chloe's Syrup receipe;

Roxana thinks it would at length

Restore her to her former strength.

Please to divide this penny sheet,

When you with sister Locke shall meet;

Present them what in haste I've penned,

And promised them I'd surely send.*

Tell brother Bowen, if you please,

To think of me when on his knees;

And when the times go well with thee,

Remember, O, remember me!

Expecting soon from you to hear,

I close, in love and friendship dear,

Subscribing, as I've ever done,

Myself your servant and your son,

M. TOOMER.

Lansing, August 1, 1824.

* See Acrostics, in another part of the book.

SILENA'S BENEDICTION.

Soon after leaving the Brockport Station for Seneca Lake District, in August, 1832, the following effusion appeared in the "Brockport Free Press," and was marked and forwarded to me at Elmira. This tribute of Christian affection, over the signature of Silena, served as a cordial to sustain me under new and weighty responsibilities among strangers, and called forth the reply which is here appended :

1. "Thou hast gone from the flock which hath loved
thee so well,
From the hearts that in sympathy beat;
Thou hast sighed to them all a last parting fare-
well,
And sought, somewhere else, a retreat.
2. "But go where thou wilt, there are some that will
yet
The memory keep of the past;
There are some that will heave the deep sigh of
regret
For the moments that hastened so fast.
3. "Go, go where thou wilt, there's an All-seeing
Eye
Will lead thee triumphantly on;

In the darkest sad hour he ever is nigh,
His mercy is never clean gone.

4. "Go sound his loud trump to this low fallen world,
Tell the glad tidings over again,
Show the banner of mercy, all waving unfurled,
With peace and good will unto men.

5. "Tell the wanderers, as sad o'er this wide world
they roam,
And the mariners launching afar,
There's a beacon will guide to a heavenly home,
'Tis the light of proud Bethlehem's Star.

6. "And when the loud trump of Jehovah shall
sound,
And the dead from their deep graves be riven,
Thy brow with victorious wreaths shall be bound,
As they give thee a welcome to heaven.

SILENA.

REPLY TO SILENA.

1. A pilgrim, Silena, in exile I sigh,
When memory pictures the past;
I rejoice that the day of reunion is nigh,—
A day that forever shall last.

2. Those halcyon days which I spent at your place,
I feared would not bless me elsewhere;
And the love which I felt in that temple of grace,
Where our hearts were made joyful in prayer.
3. I hope to reach *home*, with the worshipping throng,
Whose affection forbade me to go,
And there, with rejoicing, employ the "new song,"
And *reap* what in tears we now sow.
4. The voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send?"
And "who for us will be spent?"
And the Bride saying, "go, and on Jesus depend;"
I heard, and with trembling I went.
5. The love of the Master constrained me to yield,
And part with the loved ones I knew.—
And numberless friends in Immanuel's field,
I have found instead of the few.
6. Then hinder me not, for the fields are all white,
And few are the laborers here;
The harvest is great, and the angels delight.
To minister strength and good cheer.
7. While here at a distance in labor still blest,
My love for "all saints" shall remain,
And when from the toils of a shepherd I rest,
Silena, I'll meet thee again.

Since a "*manger*" once cradled the Prince of the
Skies:

His servants convened, their work to review,
And prepared to go forth, when commissioned
anew.

10. These "yoke-fellows met," and Asbury came,
And gave to each herald a Circuit by name;
From the Hudson to Erie their bounds were sur-
veyed,
Like vineyards of Canaan, where conquests were
made.
11. They were scattered abroad, through fields wide
and many—
Some fording St. Lawrence, and some Allegany;
Those far-reaching streams, toward opposite poles,
Prefigured their parish, and mission for souls.
12. Susquehannah's wild woods, their pathway revealed,
And the Canadas both formed a part of their fields;
The plants which they reared our vineyards adorn,
The seed from the mountain, "the handful of
corn."
13. Out of Zion went forth the law of the Lord —
East, West, North, and South, his life-giving Word;
The fathers have planted Emanuel's soil,
And "Lebanon shakes" with the fruit of their toil.

14. Since hundreds of thousands to Christ have been brought,

Let Israel now say, "See, what hath God wrought?
"Not to us, not to us," shall dwell on our tongues,
 To Christ, and Him only, all glory belongs.

15. From the hills and the dales where Christ feeds his flock,

Let praises ascend to *Jehovah*, our Rock;
 Let the trees lift their arms, and clap their glad hands,
The Gospel hath triumphed, all over these lands!

Honeoye Falls, February 10, 1860.

GENESEE MEMORIALS

OF DECEASED PREACHERS FORMERLY CONNECTED WITH
 THE GENESEE CONFERENCE, AND REMOVED BY
 DEATH DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS.

[Written on the fiftieth anniversary of Rev. L. Grant's ministry, and addressed to him on the occasion of a donation visit, at his residence in Milo, Yates Co., N. Y., March 1, 1859.] For a more minute and extended account of the early pioneers in this interesting field, the reader is directed to a volume from the vigorous pen of Dr. G. Peck, on "Early Methodism," within the bounds of the old Genesee Conference, from 1788

to 1828, in which a just tribute is paid to the memory of many of the first laborers in the frontier work. Some of these are still living, while others have been called to their reward while in connection with other Conferences. Several belonging to the same honorable record have been transferred to remote fields, and have died at their post as missionaries. Among those who claim the highest consideration as leaders in the work of evangelism in Central and Western New-York, not mentioned in the following necrology, are Rev. Messrs. Colbert, Cook, Dewey, Dorr, Draper, Harman, Jewell, Ware, Garretson, Van Nest, Newman, Jefferson, McLennehan, Bartine, Riley, Frye, Week, Hunter, Quail, Kent, Fillmore, Giles, Paddock, William Jones, and a few others.

SERVANT of God! thy friends remember thee,
 A worn Itinerant of Genesee;
 Thy colleagues, gone before, with Christ now reign,
 Far from a world of weariness and pain.
 "Faint, yet pursuing," in thy rear is one
 Who forty years ago was deemed thy son;
 'Midst toils abundant, near Cayuga's shore,
 Thou didst salute him at his father's door,—
 And to thine own his youthful feet inclined,
 To test his "call," and soothe a troubled mind.
 Accept a token of his filial love —
 A pledge to meet thee in the realms above.
The Pioneers! a sacramental host,
 Are crowned on high, and we their conquests boast;
 Their faith triumphant and their works we prize—
 Though dead, they speak, while new recruits arise!

The World's Commander gave his heralds word,
 And youthful companies obeyed their Lord;
 Whose saddle-bags and scanty college lore,
 Banished to garrets, now are seen no more.
 No Prophet's School at *Concord* then was known —
 Self-taught, our *Dempster* studied long alone.
 Now *Evanston* with *Concord's* grand design,
 Are sister scions from our "noble vine;"
 Reared by a son of Genesean growth,
 His praise immortal is inscribed on both.
 There, too, are Kidder, Bannister, and Kieys,
 Training cadets, whom God himself supplies,
 Who, like Archimides, want power and space
 To move the world, and save the fallen race!
 Yet though "*ten thousand teachers*" fill the train,
 "*Not many fathers*" in our ranks remain:
 Where now the men who taught when we were young,
 And cheered the desert with a flaming tongue?
 Where now the prophets and the fathers, where?
 Semi-centennial veterans, how rare!
 Once *Knowlton*, *White*, and *Owen* traced our field,
 And in these wilds, their holy mission sealed;
 Here *Lanning*, *Smith*, and *Adgate* at their side,
 Fought the *good fight*, and like apostles died;
 Kelsey, and Kimberlin, and Dinsmore wrought—
 Finished their course, and gained the prize they sought;
 Gifford, and Barna, and Kendall, clothed with might,

All kept the faith, till faith was lost in sight;
 Crandall, and Peck, and Alverson, and Ninde,
 At noonday fell, with giant powers of mind;
 Puffer, a textuary and divine,
 "Mighty in scripture"—scanning every line—
 "Chapter and verse" were his supreme delight,
 And, full of years, he labored on till night;
 Hoag, beloved, in whom was found no guile,
 Dared to defend the slave, on "*Clinton Isle*,"*
 And to the last, in spite of riot's clan,
 Boldly avow'd the rights of God and man;
 Osborn, with glowing zeal rich trophies won,
 And fainted not until his work was done;
 And flaming Bibbins, with persuasive power,
 By faith was valiant till his latest hour;
 Fairbanks and Evans preached the living Word;
 Lambert and Stoddard gloried in the Lord;
 Bidlack, and Lane, and Judd, and Dodge, and Jones,
 Went forth to move "*the valley of dry bones*,"
 While the four winds from God came down, again
 To raise from death an army of the slain!
 Laconic Pierce, whose words were weighed and sealed—
 That slew the haughty, and the mourner healed—
 With humble steps the narrow path he trod,
 And died to live, who lived to honor God.
 Our Gary sleeps, whose long-tried virtues shone

* At the Elmira Conference, 1838.

Here, as in Oregon; wherever known,
 "A burning, shining light," embalmed in tears,
 His mantle falling on two hemispheres.
 Huestis, and Mattison, and noble Chase,
 "Their faith Godward is known in every place ;"
 And Hebard, in Elijah's God made strong,
 Triumphed in Christ, his diadem and song.
 But time would fail to mark our faithful peers,
 And their departures, during *fifty years*.
 Cummins and Willis, of an early race,
 Agard, and Tompkinson, and Case,
 Danforth and Brigham, magnified their call;
 Easter and Mason, Burlingham and Hall,
 Jewitt and Roberts, Buck and Burch, now rest
 With holy martyrs and the ever blest.
 All these obtained a good report, and died,
 And soon we too shall slumber at their side.
 Yet "to and fro" itinerants shall run,
 In Circuits ample as the morning sun,
 Till all the earth a free salvation know,
 And "Christ be all in all" to all below.
 "Sons of Arcturus," guided in their course
 With "Orion's bands," fear no eccentric force;
 They rest, like Daniel and the truly wise,
 With stars that set, to shine in fairer skies.

ELEGY

On the death of Rev. Abner Chase, late of the East Genesee Conference, who died at Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., April 27, 1854, in the 72d year of his age.

1. WHEN from Old Jordan's shore Elijah rose,
And left his comrade in a world of woes,
Elisha wept. "My father!" cried the son,
"The chariot comes—our converse now is done."
 2. The master listened to his plaintive sigh,
And straight the mantle fell before his eye;
A double portion of the Spirit's power,
A promised boon, relieved the dreadful hour.
 3. Awake, my Muse! our late bereavement trace,
And watch the rising, venerated Chase.
And is he gone? the solemn knell replies,
Another patriarch ascends the skies.
 4. His hoary head, with fadeless glory crowned,
Long in the ways of righteousness was found;
Whose blameless life adorned the Christian name,
Who walked with God, where'er he went or came.
 5. Not greedy of the wealth which worldlings hoard,
But rich in faith, contentment blessed his board;
-

The worn itinerant, to toils inured,
A bright inheritance above secured.

6. The poor and wretched shared in all his grief—
With aid unsought, he ministered relief;
Souls were "his joy and crown" in every place—
He falls to rise, he lived to bless the race.
7. Awhile disjoined triumphant victors meet,
And hail him welcome to his princely seat;
With kings and priests, his home is with the blest—
With Christ the weary pilgrim is at rest.
8. Servant of God, well done! thy Master calls,—
Happy the sons on whom thy mantle falls;
The soul by faith translated leads the way,
And soon the grave shall render up its prey.
9. Thy brethren now bereft, their tears restrain,
Who know their loss is thine eternal gain;
Elijah's God like precious faith can show,
To part the waves where'er he bids us go.
10. The rich reward of martyrs now thou hast;
We'll mark thy "Recollections of the Past,"
Fresh courage take, and in thy track pursue,
Till, crowned at last, thy face again we view.

Vienna, May 17, 1854.

LINES,

Addressed to Rev. Silas Hawley, late Pastor of the Congregational Church in Vienna, Ontario Co., N. Y., who had taken leave of his charge in that village, in obedience to an urgent call from a destitute Church in Fon Du Lac, Wisconsin, 1853.

1. St. PAUL said "Farewell," after preaching three
years
Among the Ephesians, with trembling and tears;
Taking leave at Miletus, his brethren wept sore,
For the words which he spake, "Ye shall see me
no more!"
2. So "*Silas*" takes leave, to bless *Fon du Lac*,
And tears can't avail in calling him back;
And the order of God we dare not invade,
When the choice of Wisconsin by duty is made.
3. Adieu, my dear brother, thy absence I mourn—
My heart is still with thee, though bleeding and
torn;
The cord of affection, made threefold by grace,
Is stronger than *creeds*, and boundless as space.
4. How good and how pleasant, while here, to behold
Our flocks, with their shepherds, unite in one fold,

And worship on earth, as saints do above,
At the feet of one Savior, commingling in love.

May such an "alliance," with which we were blest,
Be formed of "all saints" in the beautiful West,
Approving the measure of Heaven's own plan
To spread "peace on earth, and good will to man."

And while on thy mission of love, let us say,
We will never forget thee—will cease not to pray!
And when "gathered home," we will worship
together,
*Where distance can't part—where death can't
dissever!*

Vienna, September, 1853.

"WILL WORSHIP."*

COLD FORMALISM AND WILD FANATICISM.

o GUARD the truth, and counsel erring men,
demands an angel's wand, or Solon's pen;
o speak of faults, and with compassion chide—
ults of the giant *Will*, all others hide—
ie dead may speak—a Wesley and a Paul,

* *Col., ii : 23.*

Though modern zealots still resist them all.
 The heart's deceit, above all else below,
 The mystic depths of sin, who, who can know?
 Christians by name, alas! how few there are
 Who make the world's salvation all their care!
 To selfish ends is human nature prone;
 Few seek the things of others—all their own.
 All tinsell'd virtue studies to conceal
 Some sordid lust, the bane of Christian zeal.
 True worshipers, in truth and spirit one,
 Dwell in the light, like Uriel in the sun;
 Their knowing zeal, and sweetly-temper'd song,
 In life and death convince the godless throng;
 Their graces, crown'd with tempers meek and mild,
 Adorn "religion pure and undefiled."
 Unlike Baal's prophet's, whose distracted prayer*
 Moved but *themselves*, and ended in despair—
 While lone Elijah, with a voice subdued,
 Prevail'd with God, and shamed the multitude—
 "With reverence and fear" the contrite pray,
 Not to a God "asleep," or "gone away,"
 But near us all, and hides from none his face,
 Who seek by faith His all-sufficient grace.
 Thus, on the mount the Lord of Hosts "pass'd by,"†
 And "wind and earthquake" told that God was nigh.

* I Kings, xviii : 27.

† I Kings, xix · 11, 12.

Whose "still small voice" the prophet's heart impress'd,
 The "Lord was in it," and that whisper bless'd.
 Thus Faith in turn replies, when God is near,
 And pours responsive whispers in his ear,
 Or shouts aloud, when stones might well cry out —
 Though Pharisees, indignant, scoff and doubt.
 Who shall teach God? or venture to control
 The rising adoration of the soul?
 Divine decorum, taught by God alone,
 An order hath, like ocean, all its own.
 God's ancient telegraph his mind conveys,
 Deep in the soul his heaven-wrought cable lays—
 Where, charged with truth, commission'd lightnings dart,
 To write His *telegram* upon the heart!
 The "tongue of flame" a hallow'd zeal inspires,
 Distinct from native heat, and earth's "strange fires!"
 In lifeless forms cold apathy would rest,
 Or, leagu'd with frenzy, enters to "*got blest*."
 But heaven-born zeal her own dear *self* denies,
 To save lost souls, and lead them to the skies.
 She weighs her *Will* in Truth's unerring scales,
 With fervent charity that never fails;
 Her light so shines, by Heaven's reflected rays,
 That foes to God are led to speak his praise;
 Her "strength and beauty" all the world admire—
 Her "onward" mission, and her "wall of fire!"

"MY INFIRMITY"—THE PREACHER'S SWOLLEN NOSE.

SATURDAY MUSINGS.

Truth, and no fiction. It is the experience of the writer while important public services, including a Thanksgiving discourse, were pending. The poem will speak for itself, except that the inflamed and swollen nose became convalescent, and the expected services were performed with mingled emotions of satisfaction and embarrassment, the speaker having the sympathies of his audience to assist his delivery.

"Have pity upon me, my friends," if ye can,
There is balm in a tear, for a buffeted man.
The Sabbath draws near, and who will suppose
A preacher can preach with a swollen, red nose!
The nose being "*flat*," the old Levites have said,*
"None such should approach, to offer God's bread."
And mine, it is sure, hath fallen from grace—
Its sad disproportions deform the whole face!
Is it not a "*red sea*" where 't is safe to stand still,
Till the nose is made whole, which God hath made ill!
I look to the pulpit, my favorite tower,
And dare not go thither—no, not a *half hour*—

* Lev. xxi: 18.

Lest they who could illy endure me before,
 Should flee away frightened, and hear me no more.
 Appearances often deceive, it is true,
 And mortals will judge from a cursory view;
The eye rules the ear, and slight blemishes seen,
 Detracted from Paul, and rendered him "mean."
 A "thorn in the flesh" in the nose may have been,
 The infirmity sent to keep him from sin.
 Yet surely my "visions" have ne'er been so great
 As to need thorns from Satan, in my low estate.
 Yet God, who is good, for ends truly wise,
 In this may have mercy wrapt up in disguise:
 To try me, and prove me, and cause me to say,
 'T is good to be stricken, lest I, too, should stray.
 The cross I will bear—should my nose get *half* well,
 I'll fearlessly venture, at toll of the bell,
 And tell all my hearers, to close my discourse,
 That "all should be thankful that things are no worse,"
 And add, what phrenologists vainly condemn,
 "By the *fruit* judge the tree," and not by the *stem*;
 Nor rashly infer, nor profanely suppose,
 That all men are drunkards who wear a red nose;
 Nor deem those most sinful, or traitors to God,
 Who suffer like Paul, or like Job feel the rod!

Pittsford, November 15, 1856.

COSMOPOLITE, THE CROAKER.

While on the Seneca Lake District, soon after the dedication of two chapels in Chemung Co., at Havanna and Johnson's Settlement, in 1833, a printed ballad, of 54 verses, was widely circulated, which reflected with great severity upon the preachers and the "fallen Church." The anonymous author had recently been expelled from the Church, whose name we are willing to conceal. The following satire was deemed suitable and necessary by judicious friends, to counteract the mischievous tendency of the ingenious caricature. "The remainder of *wrath* was thereby restrained."

1. The wisest of the Jews hath told
Of Folly's fame in days of old,
But who has power to recite
The follies of Cosmopolite?
2. This citizen of all the world,
With banners of his prince unfurled,
Claims Wesley as his honor'd sire,
And none can trace his lineage higher.
3. His croaking muse, with plaintive lays,
In sackcloth mourns o'er ancient days,
And reprobates the present race,
As sunk in Sodom's deep disgrace!

4. His execrated bell and steeple—
Proud preachers and apostate people—
Remind us of a periwig,
Deemed small by some, by some too big.
5. A curate, on a certain day,
Convened the murmuring ones to pray,
And laid before his congregation
His faulty wig, for alteration.
6. With scissors well prepared for action,
Each changed its shape a little fraction:
One clipped it here, another there,
Till none could find another hair!
7. Displeased to see their curate hairless,
They separated, vexed and prayerless;
Each had his will, and each his way,
While all as one forgot to pray!
8. The preacher's dress, of modern style,
Our censor reprobates, as vile;
With jaundiced eye he sees a mote,
And, through his glass, a "dandy coat."
9. Were Wesley here, with wig and gown,
This son might hail him with a frown,
And spurn his "*surplice*" and his "*band*,"
As idols from a heathen land.

10. God ne'er condemns the unoffending,
But those who would be always reading—
Who estimate the tailor's chart
Above the "meek and quiet heart."
11. Of all "adorning" that should be
The choicest which no eye can see:
The "*hidden man*" no fashion rules,
Imposed by monks, or worn by fools.
12. When ministers employ their time
In charging innocence with crime,
Or mock the faithful and the just,
They violate their sacred trust.
13. Too oft, alas! has music been
Press'd to promote the cause of sin—
But who, because vile songs are sung,
Would therefore silence lyre and tongue?
14. He who was charged, and called to answer
For having hired an aged dancer,*
Has left his conscience in the lurch,
To war with music in the Church.
15. To the impure is nothing pure,
Who gender strife, but never cure,

* One of the charges on which "Cosmopolite" was expelled, was for hiring a poor old lady to dance, for his amusement, in his store.

And pity weeps o'er pious pride
Which neither beads or prayers can hide.

16. Like Parthian arrows, aimed as one,
To cripple or disrobe the sun,
His vengeful darts, when upwards sped,
Return upon the archer's head.
17. His four-and-fifty war-ship manned,
Just off against Emanuel's land,
Has lost her helm, in wild commotion,
While firing on a troubled ocean.
18. No muffled drums, or chiming bells,
Nor flute, nor harp, in mourning tells
How by the shock she broke her cable,
And lost a "*Crum*"† from off her table.
19. Should monsters of the deep, affrighted,
Fall in with old ship Zion, lighted,
"T is well, if Jonah can be landed
Wherever whales can be commanded!

PHILEMON.

Ennira, August 10, 1835.

† The name of the censor.

THE STOLEN CORD AND TASSELS.

The drapery of the pulpit in the Geneva Chapel having become somewhat faded, it was deemed proper to supply the desk with a new dress, after the style of the first, which was trimmed with cord and tassels. A few objected to the trimmings, and resolved on carrying their point clandestinely, when a favorable opportunity should offer. Their purpose was soon effected, probably while the sexton was engaged in the belfry. The Trustees offered a reward of \$10 for the detection of the burglars and recovery of the stolen property. Seeing the notice posted, the following was written, to illustrate the maxim upon which the felons seem to have acted viz: "The end sanctifies the means." It was published in, the Geneva Gazette, in 1846.

1. WITHIN Geneva's old domain
A lovely temple stood,
Whose courts, though scoffers might disdain,
Were loved by all the good.
2. At length, with means to please the eye,
A larger house was reared,
And soon the pharisaic cry
Of malcontents was heard.
3. The sons of God together came,
As they were wont to do,

And Satan, whom so many blame,
Thought he might worship too!

4. Transformed an angel now of light,
He sat, or stood, or knelt—
Assured that he was acting right,
When acting as he felt.
5. With plain and unadorned attire
He waited to deceive,
And sought to kindle some "strong fire,"
If God would give him leave.
6. With prating zeal for forms without,
Himself corrupt within,
None seemed so meek, none so devout—
None more at war with sin.
7. He spied, in prayer, a sculptured bird,
Above the pulpit perched,
And could not pray another word
Till that proud bird was lured.
8. Then, looking round on every side
To see what else was wrong,
An ornamented vine he spied,
Above the listening throng.
9. And soon he saw, in David's place,
An instrument and choir—

Their anthems, full of truth and grace,
Aroused his pious ire.

10. The voices joined in sacred lays,
Assisted thus by art,
He *swore* were destitute of praise
And homage of the heart.
11. The harps of God, in strains sublime,
He loved before his fall;
Tormented now, before his time,
He execrates them all.
12. These seats, quoth he, encourage pride,
And much of envy, too—
Though rich and poor sit side by side,
As saints in glory do.
13. The families on high, as one,
All worship without cost;
But here, where glory is begun,
Our liberties are lost.
14. Distinctions should be laid aside
At church, and every where,
As fish and fowl, with none to chide,
All should be "free as air."
15. Towards the desk he turns his eyes,
In honor of the Lord,

When lo! the pulpit dress he spied—
The *tassel and the cord*.

16. "Aha!" quoth he, "where angels dwell,
Each object charms the sight,
But surely angels might rebel,
Were heaven in such a plight.
17. John Wesley never could submit
To fashion so profane;
My scissors, with an angel's wit,
Shall make that pulpit plain.
18. When darkness comes, the coming night,
In which I love to roam,
I'll come and trim that pulpit right,
Then lay me down at home.
19. I'll spare the lamps, the high town clock,
The pews, the bell and steeple,
But 'cord and tassel' do but shock
The nerves of pious people.
20. Some 'swallow down a camel's' frame,
Or things as strange as that,
But I'm content with Jewish fame,
In "*straining out a gnat*."
21. My emissaries, led by me,
Will do what I ordain—

To God shall all the glory be,
Though Gentiles shall complain.

22. 'T is done! and vented in my spleen!
My servants cut the cord;
To-morrow, doubtless, 't will be seen
How they have served the Lord.

23. 'T was sacrilege, in olden times,
To rob God's holy shrine—
Good motives sanctify all crimes,
And who will censure mine?

ON WITCHCRAFT.

Reply to a letter from E. S. H., of Elmira, asking my advice in regard to the expediency of consulting a famous eastern clairvoyant in reference to his wife, who for a long time had suffered from a complaint, about the character of which eminent physicians disagreed.

MY DEAR SIR:

* * * * *

You ask, again, "shall I be wise,
To seek a conjuror's advice,
Who promises to cure my wife,
And lengthen out her useful life?"

How shall I frame a just reply?
 Job's wife might say, "Curse God, and die;"
 But let my counsel rather be,
 To Beelzebub ne'er bow the knee;
 God sends affliction when He will,
 And never cures by Satan's skill:
 Heed not his wiles and false pretence,
 But say, when tempted, "*Get thee hence.*"
 Aziah, sent to counsel Baal,
 When through the lattice-work he fell,
 And looked for Ekron's god in vain,
 To send deliverance from pain,
 The Lord our God, in anger, said,
 Thou shalt not rise from off thy bed—
 And sent Elijah to destroy
 Those mockers in the king's employ.
 Is it because the Lord Most High
 Cannot restore when Christians cry,
 That blind soothsayers must be sought,
 And good physicians set at naught?
 And shall Clairvoyance steal our brains,
 To solve our doubts and ease our pains—
 And rob us of our faith in God,
 Whose grace accompanies his rod—
 And who, with independent sway,
 Can heal the sick with common day?
 Yet, after all, fond friends will say,

From tried physicians turn away,
 And hear the necromancer's tale,
 Whose incantations never fail!
 But when to wizards God shall give
 The power to make the dying live,
 Or bring again the dead to life,
 No man need wed a second wife —
 And old Disease may quit his trade,
 When doctors are of witches made!
 But hear what God by Moses spake,
 In mercy, and for Israel's sake,
 And, blest with gospel precepts, be
 From ancient superstitions free:
 "Thy children keep from Moloch's fire —
 Familiar spirits ne'er desire —
 And he who useth divination,
 To me is an abomination:
 To wizards, or a necromancer,
 Propose no question for an answer;
 The charmer and the witch, as one,
 With all enchanter, thou shalt shun."*
 Thus spake the Lord — He speaks to all
 Who, when perplexed, on wizards call.
 The serpent's overtures we doubt,
 To cure, or cast his kindred out:

* Deut., xviii : 9-12.

He dupes for gain, with juggler's skill,
 And cheats his subjects at his will.
 What men by searching cannot know,
 Those base empirics fain would show.
 In God's arcana, there is One
 Who dwells in light above the sun;
 Beneath His feet a veil is spread,
 Between the living and the dead:
 May Heaven in kindness let us see
 The *blessedness of mystery*,
 And give us *faith in things made known*,
 Untutored by the Wicked One.

Pittsford, 1856.

THE THUNDER STORM.

Written at Vienna, while the storm was raging, September 30th, 1852.

1. BEHOLD the lurid lightnings gleam,
 And hear the thunders roar —
 Now dark'ning clouds portentous seem,
 And now the torrents pour!
2. Now Jah Jehovah seems to speak,
 And near His chariot rolls;

His voice is music to the meek,
And cheers believing souls.

3. O! if Omnipotence reveals
My bulwarks of defence,
Why should I dread what He conceals,
Who orders all events?
4. Safety is found beneath His wings,
Who shelters earth and skies;
Let Earth rejoice, and Heavens sing—
God holds our destinies!
5. Nor can His power excel his love,
Whose thunder shakes the poles—
The lightnings, gleaming from above,
In mercy shield our souls.
6. The elements—a joyous choir—
In melody proclaim
By water, earth, and air, and fire,
The glories of His name!

MY LOST CANE.

Rev. L. C. N., a missionary, having left my house, at Canandaigua, in the fall of 1852, on an excursion to Niagara Falls, took with him my staff, a relic of the old "Store House" building, in which the Genesee Conference was organized, in 1810. He had the misfortune to lose it while gazing upon the wonders of the place. Rev. Mr. Tilton, formerly associated with me in the Bible agency, accidentally recognized it, and took it into his possession, apprising me of the discovery by an enigmatical and anonymous letter, which it was difficult to interpret. The solution being made out, the following lines, impromptu, were mailed to Albion P. O., Orleans Co., the post-mark affording a clue to the author, and the subject of his puzzling epistle :

REV. SIR :

I have solved the enigma — 'tis plain, 'tis plain,
Thou hast surely recovered my Conference cane !
At our village, last month, a reverend guest
Had a staff of his own, but deemed mine the best,
And taking a tour to Niagara Falls,
Where "deep calls to deep," over fathomless walls,
Quite o'erwhelmed at a scene so awfully grand,
Unconsciously dropped the lost staff from his hand.
When restored to himself, my loss he deplored,

As if all my riches had gone by the board,
 For he knew how I valued that relic, now lost,
 And promised to find it, or pay all the cost!
 He chartered the lightning, his doubts to dispel,
 And spake to his host, at St. Lawrence Hotel;
 But no answer had come, when Tilton revealed
 The truth, in strange types, and its author concealed.
 And such is the gospel, whose author is God,
 Revealing to mortals his "staff" and his "rod."
 O, might we believe our lost hope to regain,
 As I now trust thee, to recover my cane,
 And hope, without doubting in Jesus' free grace,
 And loving rejoice, though we see not his face!
 Now keep in possession that staff as thine own,
 And give when we meet, as Christ gives a throne;
 Yet do not defer till the great and last day —
 No staff shall I need at the end of the way.

Canandaigua, Nov. 5, 1852.

"A STRAY MAN,"

FROM CLIFTON WATER CURE.

An advertisement was humorously sent me from Clifton Water Cure, by one of the physicians (Dr. G.), on Monday, after having preached at the Chapel and taken lodgings at

the Cure for the night. On calling at my room to invite me to breakfast, it was found that I had left, and did not return. In my morning walk, I took the cars at the depot, and was with my family at breakfast, four miles distant. The "notice" reads as follows :

"Strayed, stolen, or lost, on the morning of the 16th inst., a *man* by the name of ——. Any information respecting him, will greatly oblige the subscriber. J. E. G. *Clifton*, 1851."

DEAR SIR:

INFORMATION you ask, concerning a "stray,"
 "Strayed, stolen, or lost," *perhaps run away*,
 "From the Cure, the sixteenth, at 7 o'clock,
 Leaving vacant his room, with unbroken lock."
 You publish his *name*, as if that would suffice
 To reward any finder for pains, without *price*;
 Or deeming the fugitive stolen or lost,
 Worth nothing if found, not a farthing of cost,
 Though a runaway slave, as negroes are sold,
 If returned, would be worth an ingot of gold.

Very well! since I've found him, I'm quite of your
 mind—

I hope such another I never may find—
 Yet could I return you your reverend guest,
 To be *cured of his faults*, I would heed your request;
 But I fear that the doctors at Clifton lack skill
 To cure the "stray man," so desperately ill.

I saw him go east, promenading, a while,
 Between five and six, in gymnastic style,
 And soon after eight on the railway he rode
 To the parsonage door, his humble abode,
 Where, safely ensconced, he would honestly say,
Prove he's yours—pay charges—and take him away!

WEDDING SALUTATIONS TO MY TWO DAUGHTERS.

TO MY DAUGHTER, MARY FRANCES,

On leaving her father's house, after her marriage to Dr. G. D. Baily, April 24, 1842. A paraphrase on Prov. xxxi: 10—31.

Hearken, my daughter, to a father's charge.
 A mother's love hath borne thee, watch'd thy cradle,
 And toiled these eighteen years, by day and night,
 Seeking thy comfort, making thine her own.
 How to requite her now, that thou hast gone,
 As God appoints, should be thy daily care;
 Not to provide her gold, but what is more,
 Give her to know that thou art guileless
 And confiding, such as Solomon hath praised;

In whom her husband trusts, doing him good —
 Like merchant ships, bringing her food from far;
 The distaff and the spindle her delight,
 More than attendance on the gay and proud;
 Rising at early dawn, fearless of snow —
 Her candle ever bright — the law of kindness
 In her tongue remains, and wisdom from her mouth
 In cautious accents flow; nor eats the bread
 Of idleness and sloth, but to the needful ways
 Of her own household looks, and changeth not.
 All that thou hast is blest, while governed thus,
 And of the many daughters who do well,
 Thou shalt excel them all.

Geneva, April 26, 1842.

TO MY DAUGHTER, MRS. MARIA MAXWELL GROSS, M. D
 Wife of James E. Gross, M. D., at the close of the marriage ceremony at the parsonage, in Vienna, Ontario Co., N. Y., Feb. 8th, 1853. The address was followed by a few touching and appropriate remarks from Rev. Silas Hawley, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who also introduced the bridal pair to the several guests in attendance.

DEAR MARIA:

A cause there is why thou shouldst leave us now —
 To Nature's law divine we humbly bow,
 And part with thee as with thy sister dear,

Whose life of wedlock closed the second year.
 May Heaven in mercy spare thy youthful life,
 And make thy husband's crown a happy wife;
 In acts of kindness may thy life be spent,
 Fulfilling daily Love's benign intent.
 So shall thy Maker be thy bridal friend,
 Whose love supreme shall never, never end;
 And when grim death dissolves the nuptial tie,
 With Christ united, thou shalt never die.
 Where marriage vows no more like these are given,
 With angel guests, may we all meet in Heaven.

LITTLE MARY'S PORTRAIT,

OR THE "WEANED CHILD."

Lines sent, with miniature likeness, to little Mary's grandma, Mrs. Gross, in the State of Maine, from her grandma, Mrs. Tooker, at Vienna, Ontario Co., N. Y.

MARY E. GROSS, AGED SIX MONTHS.

1. As in a glass you here may see,
 A smiling portraiture of me;
 But light and shade cannot convey
 The things I *do*, and *think*, and *say*.
-

2. And so I send a written scroll,
To symbolize an infant soul;
Yet saying nothing, looking wise,
And laughing out of both my eyes.
3. My grandpa here, whom I have seen,
Somehow finds out just what I mean,
And tells you what you'll laugh to know,
How I am weaned, and how I grow.
4. My cup, since I'm denied the breast,
Next to my *ma* I like the best;
Friends at the Cure were kind and many,
But none like one at West Vienna.
5. Who that friend is, you quick will guess,
Yet I don't like my *ma* the less;
My other grandma, too, if here,
Might be to me as kind and dear.
6. I'm well as any little fish,
And seldom quarrel with my dish;
But if insulted, then you know,
I must give signs of infant woe.
7. And when I'm hungry or in pain,
I'm innocent if I complain;
For what I want none seem to know,
Which makes me cry and worry so.

8. They try to drown me in a tub,
And then, to save me, sing and rub,
And finding I am not quite dead,
Give me my night-clothes and my bed.
9. And yet they say I am so sweet,
That sugar now is fairly beat,
And honey from the honey-bee,
Cannot at all compare with me.
10. If they should love your darling more,
My cheeks, by kissing, will be sore;
But I will try to save a few
Sweet places on one cheek for you.
11. I'll wait awhile for you to come
And take me to your far-off home;
But should your coming long delay,
My beauty may consume away.
12. The morning flower is doomed to fall—
What God but lends, he may recall,
And take me up, on seraph's wing,
Where infants with the angels sing.

Vienna, April 8, 1854.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. M. M. CROSS,
M. D.

To little Mary's mother, Mrs. Gross, when removed to the
Far West.

1. Where now is that beautiful flower
Which blossomed at Clifton so gay—
Whose petals unfolding each hour,
Was kidnapped and stolen away?
2. Alas! for grand parents bereft;
The right of preëmption you claim,
And all that of Mary is left
For us, is her portrait and name.
3. Take care of that dear little one,
The pledge of connubial love,
Till fully to womanhood grown,
We meet her on earth or above.
4. Will she *know* us? Alas! I fear not—
As when in the cradle she smiled,
And every thing else was forgot
While "Clifty" our moments beguiled.

5. But when told who we are,
 Who nursed her when weaned from the breast
 If welcomed to heaven, we'll share
 Her smiles, without tears, ever blest!

TURE MOURNING.—A DREAM.

On the death of an infant grandchild, at Madison, Wis., 1856.

1. A word, dearest daughter, to you:
 I dream'd that I saw thee last night,
 But thy babe appeared not in view—
 The grave had concealed it from sight!
2. ["Of such is the kingdom" above,
 Who sing of the Savior's renown—
 Thy jewel is taken in love,
 To deck the Redeemer's bright crown.]
3. 'Midst strangers the mother I saw,
 With youthful and uncovered head;
 She wept, despite custom's vain law,
 Without crape, for her glorified dead.
4. And well might she seem not to fast,
 And shun meretricious array,
 For long as true mourning shall last,
 All grief is opposed to display!

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE WATER CURE MONTHLY.

The Water Cure Journal is published at Yellow Springs, Ohio, by Drs. Gross & Seeley. Having entered upon a new series of the Journal, published under the roof of their Cure, with flattering prospects, and extensive facilities for the treatment of patients of both sexes, our daughter, Mrs. M. M. Gross, M. D., Physician to the Female Department, united with her husband in asking of me a poetical contribution for the opening of the New Year. The following was accordingly forwarded, which appeared in the "Monthly" for January, 1860 :

1. KIND Patrons and Friends, the muse, with good cheer,
Sends a chant for you all,—A Happy New Year!
To the *whole*, she sends greeting a pledge of good will—
To the *sick*, the good news of "Glen Forest" skill.
2. This morning young SIXTY looked in at our door,
And sighed a sad dirge, despite of our Cure;
But scanning our guests, their treatment and fare,
Confessed the "*grim monster*" had no business there!
3. Hippocrates taught that health must depend
On the *joy of the heart*, for which we contend,
And Grecian Eclectics shut out from their schools
Egyptian Empirics, as medical fools!

4. A heart always merry, nor heeds aches and pains,
That takes up life's song, and never complains,
In the sunshine of heaven may live without dread,
Long after the whining and fretting are dead.
5. Our famous Elixir just three words comprise—
Pure *Water*, and *Air*, and due *Exercise*—
While science, fair handmaid of healing, explains
The causes and cure of all illness and pains.
6. Yet Nature supreme rehearses her story,
Pays tribute to Art, and claims all the glory;
Though Priessnitz the sage, like Moses, forlorn,
Reaps "blessings and honor" in payment for scorn.
7. In sympathy with woman's nameless ills,
A lady healer woman's task fulfils—
With classic skill her best diploma seals—
"Epistles read and known," are those she heals.
8. Those ills which modesty conceals from man,
She knows, and conquers as no other can—
Her *ear* attentive to each secret grief,
Her *hand* as prompt to minister relief.
9. Our *Bath*, like the "Pool of Siloam," is here,
And Mineral Spring, like Bethesda, is near,
Where invalids heal'd exclaim with delight,
"*I went, and I washed, and recovered my sight.*"

10. From distant abodes our Cure guests have come
To our "Temple of Health," their picturesque
home,
Where gymnastic sports, and convivial joys,
And social excursions, each patient employs.
11. If "hill and dale, and shady woods," combine
With "murm'ring streams," to deck a home di-
vine,
With Eden's bowers our cliffs and groves compare,
Where priceless health is won with watchful care.
12. Boast not of to-morrow, which never may come—
The present is yours of life the whole sum—
Come then to our Glen ('tis for you to say when,)
Or send for our monthly, and favor our pen.
13. Come soon, and be healed, ye sick and ye lame,
And add a few gems to the crown of our fame;
Yet we say, "*not to us, not to us,*" the glory be
given,
But to sov'reign *Hygiene, Hydropathy, and*
Heaven!

Honeoye Falls, Dec., 1859.

GENIUS OF POETRY.

1. As nightly dreams their exit take
The moment sense and reason wake,
So Fancy's minstrels may not sleep,
If they would have us laugh or weep.
2. Ambition soars on fancy's wing,
Where Nymphs of proud Parnassus sing,
And, oft despairing, tries again
To reach the Poet's mount in vain.
3. "Write you," said Emma to her brother,
"Half of a verse, I'll write the other."
"Agreed," said he, and with a will
He tried for once the poet's quill.
4. Two lines he penned with eager speed,
When Emma said, "You must proceed
Until the task is fully done
Which you have now so well begun."

5. His couplets finished formed one verse,*
(And many tyros have done worse,)

But ever since that first brave trial,
The bards have praised his *self-denial*.
6. Poetic genius must be fired
With noblest passion, well attired;
While humbler Prose maintains the throne
In plain regalia, all its own.
7. While genius, with creative skill,
Conceives and governs thoughts at will,
Sweet melodies our hearts inspire
With dulcet tones of voice and lyre.
8. Thus do we *feel* and *will* in turn,
By "thoughts that breathe and words that burn"—
Which *melt* and *move*, *instruct* and *bind*
The mystic powers of the mind.

Honeoye Falls, April 20th 1860.

* The verse referred to runs as follows :

"Once on a time my sis and I
Sat down to write some poet-ry,
But to and fro our i-deas fly,
From vanit-ty to van-ity.

ACROSTIC TO MISS MARGARET FISHER Mc- HAM, OF BALTIMORE.

Founded on Prov., xxii : 11.—“He that loveth pureness of heart for the grace of her lips, the King shall be her friend.”

MIGHT the Muse sing of friendship unchanging and
pure,

And the beauties of grace, that forever endure?
Religion, fair cherub, reveals to our view
God “blessed forever,” of friends the most true;
All of the “King’s daughters are glorious within,”
Redeemed from the power and service of sin—
Endued with his image, whom angels adore,
’Tis theirs to be loved and to love evermore.
For the “grace of thy lips the King is thy friend,”
In whose presence is joy without measure or end.
Since, then, thy “beloved” is constantly near,
Have grace to obey him with reverence and fear;
E’en though the fierce storms of affliction increase,
Rely on his word, who hushed oceans to peace.
Must kindred and friends asunder soon part?
Can changes of fortune betray a false heart?
Have friends wanted power to relieve the oppress’d,
And mingled their tears on the bosom distress’d?
My soul, “*cease from man,*” and in Christ be thou blest.

Elmira, Jan. 29, 1833.

ACROSTIC TO MISS PERSIS LOCKE.

Pris'ner of hope, awake thy harp, and sing—
Emanuel reigns thy Prophet, Priest, and King;
Rich are thy treasures, boundless and secure—
Safe endless pleasure, if thy heart be pure;
In Jesus' blood, a full redemption find—
Since grace is free, implore the Savior's mind.

Live now by faith, and grow in every grace—
Obey thy Lord, and all his footsteps trace;
Celestial comforts on thy soul descend—
Keep heaven in view, be faithful to the end,
Endure affliction, praying for thy friend,

M. TOOKER.

July 10, 1824.

ACROSTIC TO FANNY LOCKE.

Few are the days allotted here to man,
And ceaseless ills attend the lengthened span;
No future moment canst thou claim as thine—
Now and henceforth in Jesus' footsteps shine,
Yield him thy heart, and life for life resign.

Long may thy charms in purest virtue bloom,
 Outlive frail nature, and survive the tomb;
 Cease not thy toils in wisdom's pleasant ways—
 Keep Christ in view, till called on high to raise
 Eternal anthems to his matchless praise.

Lansing, July 10, 1824.

CARVING A TURKEY.

While living in Geneva, in 1846, the Widow Munday sent us a polite note, requesting the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Tooker and myself, together with Rev. M. Crow, the pastor of the M. E. Church, who was boarding with us, to dine at her house, and visit in company with the Rector of the Episcopal Church, who was at that time boarding at her house. In a marginal note, she added a particular request that I should hold myself in readiness to carve the turkey which was to be served on the occasion. To which the following answer was promptly returned:

DEAR MADAM:

Professor Crew
 And I will go,
 With my beloved wife,
 But as for carving,
 All may go starving,
 Ere I shall use the knife.

TO MISS ELIZA HUGHES, OF ELMIRA,

Under the design of two Trumpets and the Shepard's Crook.

The herald's trump, and the shepherd's rod,
Inviting the eye and the ear to God —
And the margin below, in spotless white,
A symbol of friendship and pure delight —
Awakens the muse, at Eliza's call,
To bring an offering, however small.

Fair Album! devoted to gifts of the mind —
To Genius, and Virtue, and Friendship refined —
Thy leaves are more precious than jewels or gold,
When these are the treasures thy pages unfold.

Might such be thy life, unspotted by crime —
Be wisdom celestial thy dial of time —
Each day like a page unsullied as this,
Till eternity opens the volume of bliss.

Elmira, January 29, 1834.

A WEDDING SCENE.

Marriage is the most ancient and the most sacred institution known in the records of time. Constituting as it does one of the corner-stones of civilization—adorned and beautified with the presence and first miracle wrought by the Saviour, in *Cana of Galilee*, it should be vindicated alike from the rashness and frivolity of romantic adventure, and the superstitious auguries of heathen mythology. The aspects of the clouds, and the accidental state of the elements, may be looked upon as having no prophetic significance in relation to the good or ill fortunes of wedlock. We may, nevertheless, turn to good account, at all seasons, the evolutions of Nature, as bearing good tidings of good to those who are proceeding in the observance of the Divine commands. The following effusion was penned in reference to the marriage of Mr. Elijah K. Blyth to Miss Catharine M. Adams, at the head of Seneca Lake, and at the house of the bride's father, Dr. Elijah Adams, Sept. 7, 1830.

The morning of the wedding proved rainy, but the union has proved, as was predicted by the poet, a happy one—the conjugal tie, after the lapse of 30 years, remaining unsevered by death, unimpaired by estrangement, and solaced by “olive plants around their table,” while the joys of filial affection, at home and abroad, furnish ample proof of the mercy and faithfulness of their Divine Guardian.

1. At Hymen's consecrated shrine,
Whose ancient rites are all divine,
In sacred bands a blithesome pair,
At early dawn were coupled there.
2. As flying clouds in concert move,
And genial showers rich blessings prove —
So Heaven, well pleased, that morning sent
A type of Love's benign intent.
3. The circle seated, every guest
By cheerful smiles their joy expressed:
Beyond the clouds the skies are fair,
And lure to heaven the bridal pair.
4. Arrayed in chaste and youthful pride,
The parties to their aids allied,
With graceful mien, in silence wait,
To form of twain one joint estate.
5. Their vows exchanged, the seal impressed,
The bride and spouse alike caressed —
Consenting both, as God hath shown,
"It is not good to be alone."
6. Let "morning stars" once more rejoice,
And "sons of God" lift up their voice,
As when in Eden there was found
A helpmeet fair, and man was crowned.

7. Let angels list'ning to the vow
In sweet devotion with us bow,
Their guardian care delight to prove,
And o'er them watch, and with them move.
8. The parent smiled, with eyes suffused
In tears, which all who saw excused;
And he who gave his fondest care,
With her bequeathed a father's prayer.
9. "To you, dear sir, I've now resigned
A child most dutiful and kind —
Whose worth I trust will long demand
Your gen'rous heart and gifted hand.
10. Together may you long enjoy
Divinest peace, without alloy;
In duty's path while life endures,
May Paradise restored be yours!"

Geneva, September 10, 1830.

A PLEA FOR HELP,

Addressed to Rev. D. Nutten, P. E. of Canandaigua District,
1852.

My dear Presiding Elder, come! O, come!
And make our parsonage your welcome home;
Remain with us at least a single week,

And every evening in our chapel speak:
 'Midst conflagrations, sickness, death and sin,
 Should not a good revival here begin?
 But when Habakkuk like, we raise the cry,
 "O, Lord! thy work revive!" and trembling, sigh;
 And when like him we ask, with heart sincere,
 "*Wherefore doth Israel cry, and God not hear?*"
 If thou canst answer this, and show us why
 One field is deluged, and the next is dry —
 Why some are doomed the fallow ground to break,
 And sow in tears what fowls alone partake,
 While others *till*, the fences rear and keep,
 And but a few are privileged to reap —
 If thou canst tell why all these things are thus,
 With countless prayers—then, brother, tell thou us.
 The Missionary Cause wilt thou not plead,
 And tell my people what the heathen need?
 Were men not selfish, it could ne'er be told
 That with the golden rule, men thirst for gold;
 "The hire of reapers" in our field "kept back,"
 With no kind "ravens" to supply their lack.
 Unrighteous they must be, who thus withhold
 That for which Judas his Redeemer sold.
 But why should I indulge in such a strain,
 And seem to you as though I would complain?
 The servant is above his Lord, if fed,

And hath a home, and pillow for his head.
 The laborers on this delightful station,
 Are not sustain'd like *paupers* on probation :
 Their sustenance is in the "Rock" secure—
 "Their bread is given, and their water sure."
 Come, share our living, (good enough, you'll say,)
 Though sin abounds where good Habakkuks pray—
 Not to the sun, like worshippers of Baal,
 But Jacob-like—and shall like him prevail.
 This "Sleeping Beauty"* must ere long awake—.
 This "valley of dry bones" God's breath can shake.
 O, may our Master's cause, in every place,
 Triumphant rise, through God's abounding grace!
 Greet all, "both theirs and ours," who love our Lord—
 Grace be with them who seek the living Word;
 And when with crowns the hairs of promise shine,
 Beyond this scene of toil, may one be thine!
 And now, this long epistle I must close—
 Asking an answer, if you please, in prose;
 Or if the Muse inspire, and lend her aid,
 Among my gems your favor shall be laid.

Canandaigua, 1852.

* The name given to this village by travelers.

OBITUARY,

On the death of Mrs. Susan W. Tooker, wife of Lansing Tooker of the Post Office Department, Washington, D. C., and her infant daughter, who died in Georgetown, the latter, on the 25th, and the former, on the 29th of January, 1837.

1. Ah! what avails it that we're blest
With Heaven's best gifts to-day!
To-morrow, at Fate's high behest,
Our hearts are broke, the debt to pay.
2. Ah! what avails it that we live,
And love and are beloved to-day!
To-morrow we are forced to give
Life and our dearest love away.
3. Could aught avail 'gainst the decree
Which made us mortal, then to thee,
Dear S., indulgence had been given,
And earth would then have been a heaven.
4. But thou hast gone! the cheerless tomb
Shrouds, in its cold sepulchral gloom,
Thy graceful form and face so fair,
Which moulder now in silence there.

5. That heart so warm, so true and pure,
So kind and patient to endure,
So ardent in connubial love,
In death's embrace has ceased to move!
6. She's gone! the mortal pang is o'er;
And though *our* loss we must deplore,
Still, we've the blest assurance given,
That she has gone to God and Heaven.
-

MY LATEST SWEET HOME.

At Honeoye Falls, Monroe County, N. Y., September, 1860.

Long years ago, were embowered here
The red man's hut and native deer,
And swarms of humming, busy bees,
Built high their stores in lofty trees,
And wigwams echoed, along this glen,
With shouts unknown to pale-faced men.
"Deep calls to deep" at the waterfall,
In sweet diapason tones to all,
And nectar flows o'er filtering rocks,
Giving life to trade and thirsty flocks.
But none are here of that ancient race

Who rightly named this *honeyed* place;
Yet strangers coming may freely share
The sweetness of our social fare,
And dwell in the hive of which I sing,
Of such moral bees as will not sting!
Sweet was the home of my early years —
Sweet the libation of youthful tears —
Sweetly the stream of life has flowed —
Sweetly I've trodden life's rugged road;
And now, as the evening shades draw nigh,
'Tis sweet to think of my home on high.
Sweet is the pastorate every where,
In fellowship sweetened by daily prayer,
Sweeter than honey and the honey comb,
Is this my appointed transient home,
Where morn and eve bring peace and joy —
My latest sweet home is HONEYE.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE AND LABORS.

The dates of the foregoing poems, like mile-stones by the wayside, forcibly remind me of the near approach of the goal of mortality, where every social relation must soon be sundered, and of the approaching hour when "I shall go the way whence I shall not return." I will not disguise the fact, that the desire to be remembered after I shall no more be seen, has prompted, to some extent, the effusions of my pen. Such a desire is universal. Its innocency is attested by the example of our Lord and Saviour, who to this end instituted a memorial of his undying love—a love which his disciples reciprocated, and which he desired them to cherish when he should be taken from them. In saying "Do this in remembrance of me," he fully indorsed the highest and noblest aspiration of which the soul of man is capable, well knowing that our happiness must chiefly and forever consist in loving and being loved. True, we have not the Redeemer's virtues to merit such a "remembrance" of friends as was justly due to Him, yet with all our faults, foibles and infirmities, God has loved *us*, and made it our duty and delight "even so" to love *each other*.

A few of the many whose friendship has cheered me in the house of my pilgrimage may desire to bear me company in a brief retrospection of the past. While I "remember all the way which the Lord has led me these *forty years* in the

wilderness," having never kept a regular journal, I am content to know that my "record is on high, and my judgment is with my God." Believing that nothing would "happen to me but such things as are common to men," I have neglected to keep a diary—a circumstance which I deeply regret for various reasons; and I would here advise every person—especially every young minister—to keep a clear and concise record of daily current events. Small as we may esteem ourselves to be in the scale of moral influence, it sometimes happens, as in my own case, that even a *cypher* acquires some importance by being placed providentially at the right hand of *insigera*. My position, during a large portion of my public life, has been favorable for extensive observation; through every section of the Church in Western New-York, and with the *data* which I might have preserved, an autobiography could have been prepared which would have been both interesting and useful. With a large amount of letters, of correspondence, and other available materials on hand, my "times" might be delineated, for the honor of Divine Grace, did not my want of leisure, and other considerations, prevent it. In connection with the "jottings" found on the former pages of this little volume, I will here subjoin—at the hazard of being thought egotistic—a statistical record of the times and places of my public labors since 1820, together with some of the leading and singular incidents of my life.

A synopsis of my peregrinations may be thus stated :

I have been occupied 6 years on 5 Circuits; 18 years on 10 Stations; 12 years on 3 Districts; and 4 years in the Agency of the American Bible Society in Western New-York.

My appointments have been as follows, viz :

In 1820, to Cortlandt; 1821, Scipio; 1822, Marcellus; 1823, Litchfield; 1824, '25, Cayuga; 1826, '27, Auburn; 1828, '29,

Geneva ; 1830, Penn Yan ; 1831, Brockport ; 1832, '33, '34, '35, Seneca Lake District ; 1836, '37, '38, '39, Rochester District ; 1840, Rochester East Station ; 1841, '42, '43, '44, Ontario District ; 1845, '46, '47, '48, Agent of American Bible Society ; 1849, Rushville ; 1850, '51, Canandaigua ; 1852, '53, Vienna ; 1854, '55, '56, Pittsford ; 1857, '58, Victor ; 1859, Honeoye Falls.

How wonderful the events of the last half century, during which I have been an eye-witness of the greatest discoveries in art, and the greatest progress in science and civilization of any recorded in the world's history. "A little one has become a thousand, and a small one a great nation." Within my recollection, a vast desert has been converted into fruitful fields, and the stars of the firmament seem but the counterpart of almost countless monuments of human industry and enterprise. Villages and cities have sprung up, and occupy the hunting grounds of the aborigines of the North American wilderness. Institutions of learning and religion are patronized with a zeal and liberality approaching the vast importance of the objects which they are intended to accomplish. Instead of the log school-houses in which some of our statesmen and divines received most of their early training, seminaries and colleges of a high order are opened for the admission of the young of every grade, and indigence opposes no longer a barrier to the mental progress of every aspirant after knowledge.

Where but a few years since the missionary was seen wending his solitary way by marked trees from one settlement to another, now numerous laborers are employed in the spiritual harvest, and reaping from fields upon which "the fathers" bestowed their early sacrificial labors.

While I am writing, a National Convention is in session to nominate a President for this Republic, in one of our young cities, (Chicago,) whose population exceeds 100,000, where but a few years since human footprints could only be found in the trails of the native red men. Two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church are in session—the O. S. in Rochester, N. Y., and the N. S. in Pittsburg, Pa.; while the General Conference of the M. E. Church, numbering 221 delegates, is convened in Buffalo. Rapid changes in almost every thing external characterizes the destiny of earth's transient glory, and rotation in office is alike in keeping with the operations of our civil and religious governments. Four times it has fallen to my lot to occupy a seat in the quadrennial sessions of our General Conference. Most of the men who composed the session of 1828, when I was present for the first time, have gone to their reward, or given place to their younger brethren. Almost in hearing of the confluent voices of the great cataract at Niagara and our stentorian debaters at Buffalo, I am content to remain in the quietness of home, and read their doings in the Daily Christian Advocate. Which of all the parties engaged in the mighty effort to attain their favorite object will best succeed, remains to be seen; but we incline to the belief that the resistless cataract alone will gain a complete victory. If the "heathen rage," it is equally true that even Christian "people sometimes imagine a vain thing." If every one had his own way, our condition would be a sad one indeed. "The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice!" But I must hasten to fulfil my purpose, and give—not a full autobiography of my life, which would require a volume which I have not leisure to write at present—but a brief sketch of a few incidents in connection with the "jottings" contained in the former part of this work.

MY PARENTAGE.

The honor due to parents while they are living, is a debt which is neither discharged nor lessened by their death. The lively recollection of those to whom under God we are indebted for our being, and the many blessings which their tender concern for our welfare has bequeathed to us, dictate the fitness of giving to them the due tribute of filial affection, in our most cherished recollections of the past.

My father, Jonah Tooker, was born on Long Island, April 12, 1760. Left an orphan at the age of 16 years, with the care of his widowed mother and a dependent family of children, among whom he was the oldest, he found little opportunity for mental improvement till he was of age.

No sooner, however, did he find exemption from incessant manual labor, than he employed his leisure hours in study; and by the use of books, without a living teacher, he became a proficient in most of the sciences, particularly in mathematics and in mental and moral philosophy. His remarkable acuteness in debate, when it was forced upon him, and the ease with which he could solve the most difficult problems in mathematics, gave him an enviable distinction among those who knew how to appreciate his abilities.

The foundation of his faith in religion was tested by those immutable principles which governed his deductions in science, and he could never accept for truth any proposition which did not allow of the clearest demonstration.

Having been occupied as a teacher for several years in the counties of Orange and Saratoga, he resolved in 1794 to try his fortune in the "Genesee" or "Lake Country." He purchased a small stock of goods at Albany, and in an open boat, with the aid of sails and setting-poles, brought his freight by

a long and tedious route through the waters of the Mohawk and little lakes, and erected his cabin at the mouth of Salmon Creek, on the eastern shore of Cayuga lake, where he opened a successful trade with the Indians and first emigrants from the East, keeping bachelor's hall, and living within the scanty means of an uncultivated country.

MY BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

At this place, and near the present village of Ludlowville my father purchased land for a farm, on which he erected a store and dwelling, where, after his marriage with Miss Rachel Alexander, in 1798, he commenced housekeeping. My mother was but 22 years old, while my father was about 38. She was the daughter of Robert Alexander, who had but recently emigrated from Luzerne County, Pa., and was every way suited to the station which was now assigned her, where owing to the fact that a large amount of business, both private and public, and a corresponding amount of company, made a stewardess of his household, of the right stamp, exceedingly necessary.

My mother was possessed of most of those rare qualities of her sex of which King Lemuel might justly boast, and such as are graphically described in praise of the properties of a good wife in the last chapter of Solomon's Proverbs. Her virtues combined those of a superior wife, and a devoted, pious, and noble *mother*. More than this our limits will not allow of saying, other than to add, that after my father's decease, in 1823, she remained in her own house for a few years, and then yielding to the wishes of her children, she divided her time with them, always making herself, like an angel of mercy, the servant of those who were at any time in affliction. About 33 years she lived in widowhood. A large portion of these

years she was in my family, sharing with us in all the toils and privations of our ever changing lot in the itinerant field, and greatly lightening the burdens of our domestic care, with an energy and decision of character, combined with great strength of judgment. In the exercise of her unimpaired mental vigor, she rested from a life of labor and usefulness at her daughter's, Mrs. S. Love, at Ithaca, Nov. 1, 1858, in the 81st year of her age.

At this place, in Lansing, Tompkins County, N. Y., I was born, May 28, 1799,* and here I spent most of the years of my minority, during which time my father's house was always the missionaries' home, and the welcome resting-place of the pioneer preachers, where they often preached, for years, until a plain and cheap chapel was erected about three or four miles north, to which the members of the family, and all in my father's employ, were accustomed to go on Sabbath morning except prevented by sickness, leaving one in care of matters at home. I was the oldest of eight children, only six of whom reached mature age. At the age of 14 years I was brought to the "knowledge of God by the remission of sins." When in my fifteenth year, I taught the common school in the district where I had been taught my first lessons.—Having been successful in this early adventure, as a sort of reward, when I had taught nine months, I was sent to Auburn Academy, and placed under the tuition of Noble D. Strong. But for his exclusiveness in matters of religion, he might have been styled a *noble* principal. He would often take occasion, however, in hearing lessons in geography, to cast a reproach upon Methodists, if mentioned in connection with any country, new or old. At this time there was only a small class of Methodists in Auburn, whose place of meeting was a

*See poems, "My Boyhood's Home" and "The Old Oak Tree," page 17.

poor school-house near the spot where the Theological Seminary has since been built; and while there as usual on Thursday evening, I distinctly recollect, while the little company were on their knees, a volley of stones was sent against the windows and sides of the house; but the rioters, frightened by their own wickedness, had fled before they could be recognized. This and similar acts of opposition were vividly brought to my mind when, only 12 years after, in 1826, I was stationed there as pastor of M. E. Church, and chaplain in the State's Prison, and found that under the labors of Rev. John Dempster, D. D., and others who had preceded me, Methodism in Auburn had come to be better understood and respected.

A house of worship had been commenced. Nearly one thousand dollars were needed to pay expenses already incurred and to complete the enterprise. The Society was poor, and no one of their number was in circumstances to give attention to the work of completing the edifice. Making a virtue of necessity, I opened a book of subscription, and proposed a condition in it, that if the whole amount should be subscribed necessary to pay all arrears and complete the building, the subscriptions should be valid, otherwise null and void. This proposition was responded to in promises of small sums, from all classes; but after having appealed to nearly every person having means in the village, I found we lacked about three hundred dollars, which one of the trustees and myself subscribed. To obtain this balance, I made an excursion to Marcellus, where I had previously labored, and elsewhere, and collected the amount, within some thirty dollars, which, with the time and labor of soliciting and applying the means for the entire work, constituted my part of the expense, and the house was dedicated late in the fall of 1827.

Yielding to my wishes, the trustees permitted two rows of seats through the centre of the house to be rented to families, while they, for "conscience sake," sat in free seats. The effect of this innovation upon usage, was to secure a larger and more respectable and permanent congregation—followed soon after by an extensive revival—and making the present house, centrally situated, necessary to accommodate the congregation.

While on this point, I will say that wherever I have seen this system adopted, with those regulations which ought ever to go along with it, such congregations have very uniformly found advantages in it that cannot easily be estimated by those who have not given it a fair trial. I have "seven reasons" in favor of seating the Lord's House by families, and I have never found the man who was able to confute either of the number. I have not here the space to devote to the discussion of the subject, but will simply express my conviction that the opposition to sitting by families arises from false views and assumptions respecting the *freedom* which belongs to associate bodies. As well might we, in order to promote freedom, dispense with all the amenities of social life, and allow of unbounded liberty, simply to gratify a class of society whose *pride* opposes any measure in which they are not made in *appearance*, if not in fact, *equal to the best*. If it is wrong for the rich to *choose the highest seats* in the synagogue, it is equally wrong for the *poor* to do so. No one has a right to say *my* house is not a free house, simply because I direct visitors what seats to occupy at my table, or because I assign particular chairs to friends when they come to see me. Nor is the House of God less free, because each person or family has a uniform place of sitting.

MY ENTRANCE UPON THE DUTIES OF A CIRCUIT.

On account of the declining health of my father, I was called home at the close of the first term of the Academy in 1815, and until I was of age most of my time was occupied in teaching district schools in the adjacent towns. In the fall of 1819, I commenced a school in Ulysses, on the west side of Cayuga Lake, among entire strangers. At a prayer meeting held in my school room the second week, an extraordinary manifestation of the presence and power of God was suddenly witnessed, at a time of great languor. I was called upon to close the meeting, which was but thinly attended. I was strongly impressed to speak, and yet I had no language for the occasion; but having opened my lips, an overwhelming effusion of the Spirit's influence came upon me, and pervaded the place. Weeping and responses indicated the presence of an unusual and unearthly power, and the Holy Ghost taught the speaker and hearer. At the close of an exhortation of less than ten minutes' length, the question was proposed, "Who will consecrate himself to the Lord?" when every person present arose, and two of the number, who came to the place in the darkness of unbelief, went home rejoicing in God's "marvellous light." From this time through the entire winter, meetings were held every night in that house, there being no house of worship in that part of the town. Scarcely a meeting closed without conversions, and the revival extended to adjoining towns, and several hundreds were added to different churches as the fruit of it. During the labors of this winter, my mind was fully settled in regard to my call to the work of the ministry; and while teaching at Ludlowville the following summer, my name was presented to the Genesee Annual Conference,

in session at Niagara, U. C., where I was received on trial, and appointed to Cortland Circuit, with Rev. O. Doolittle for my senior colleague. The memorable morning of separation from my home and kindred, to go forth as an evangelist in a life-long labor in the Lord's Vineyard, is vividly presented to my recollection as a scene of yesterday, and may thus be described :

On the morning of the 7th of August, 1820, a young man, having just closed his minority, and at the same time a village school, was seen standing by the side of his horse, at the front gate of his father's house. With an air of pensiveness he stood motionless for a few moments, then looked at the rising sun, and *wept*. At the moment of bringing his foot to the stirrup of the saddle, the front door of his boyhood's home was gently opened by a mother's hand, evidently for the purpose of looking out upon the young adventurer, who was now leaving the parental roof for parts unknown. Having adjusted himself upon the young horse, which his father had presented him, with the needful equipments for travelling, he returned a farewell glance at the family group, now standing upon the veranda, and, with a throbbing heart, soon rode out of sight. The hour of his leaving had been anticipated, and while the mother and five children were witnessing his departure, the father, having found his heart too deeply stirred to be a witness, had repaired to his closet, where, with doors shut, he was engaged in offering up his son in prayer to the God of Missions, at an altar symbolized by that of the Patriarch when he offered up Isaac. In this case, however, the sacrifice had been voluntarily made by the son, and by an act of self-consecration. Nor is it too much to believe that the offering was accepted, the seal of the divine approval, by the fulfilment of the divine promises

having remained indelible to the present time. That father's intercession, it is believed, was heard; and the writer would gratefully "*remember all the way which the Lord hath led him in the wilderness.*" Having been mercifully delivered from "perils in *journeyings*, from perils of *waters*, in the *city*, in the *wilderness*, and among false brethren," and having obtained help of God, he remains to the present day in "safety, under the shadow of the Almighty."

NEVER SUPERNUMERARY — NEVER SUPERANNUATED.

"Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape;
The earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair."

It is a source of infinite consolation to know that we are not our own keepers —

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

While trusting in the divine protection and guidance, we may say, "Who shall harm us, if we are followers of that which is good?" "Philosophy, falsely so called," can never account for the verities of our experience. Facts, connected with much that is mysterious, are often the exponents of the divine *sovereignty*, while it will require many cycles of time, and perhaps eternity, to explain more fully the *wisdom* and *goodness* of the Supreme Ruler. I know not how to account for the many deliverances from danger which have occurred in my history — dangers which have proved fatal to multitudes better deserving the divine favor. During forty years of almost incessant travel, I have been thrown from the *saddle*,

from the *sulky*, from the *stage coach*, and from the *buggy*, attached to a runaway horse, fording swollen streams amidst floating cakes of ice, and, in numberless ways, have been made to feel that there was but "*a step between me and death.*" Yet "I still live," and have never had a broken bone, nor have I been laid aside for a single week, with two brief exceptions, by all the casualties which have occurred in my history. With but a slender frame, I have probably endured as much fatigue, labor, and hardship as any one of my associates in the same length of time, and with imperfect health often "*faint, yet pursuing.*" With a less scrupulous regard to my ordination vows, I might have many times asked for a *supernumerary*, or even a *superannuated*, relation to the Conference; but I have ever deemed those terms, especially the former, at war with the genius of our aggressive, uncompromising economy, in which the only true exponent of evangelism is found in the history of such men as John Knox, Martin Luther, and a host of Martyrs. It is a matter of thankfulness that the General Conference, now in session, have stricken the word *supernumerary* from the vocabulary of Methodist literature. A portion of *effective* labor can always be found for all of Nehemiah's men "*who have a mind to work.*"

In the synopsis I have given of the places where I have labored, and the dates of my appointments, each successive change suggests to my mind much that is interesting to contemplate; but a separate volume would be required to exhibit the *lights* and *shades* of successes and reverses which have marked the history of my sojourn in the respective fields assigned me.

MY SECOND APPOINTMENT; TO SCIPIO, CAYUGA CO. N. Y.

While in attendance at the Conference held at Paris, Oneida county, N. Y., in July, 1821, I was made acquainted with Miss ROXANNA FARWELL, daughter of Dr. ISAAC M. FARWELL, who had been occupied in teaching in that village, and to whom I was subsequently married, February 13, 1822.

I received my second appointment, to the Scipio Circuit, in the north part of Cayuga county, having Rev. Seth Matteson for my senior colleague. It was ordered that our labors should be distinct. I was to take all the Circuit north of Auburn, and brother M. all on the south. There was but one person on my circuit who knew or dreamed of my purpose to marry—a venerated sister, Mrs. R., of Weedsport, a woman of much refinement and of great prudence, while all others were left to imagine the cause of my absence for two Sabbaths. The advice of wise and good men is always valuable, and never more so than in taking a step which must affect our destiny for weal or woe through life. In this particular it has been to me a lasting pleasure to reflect upon my counsellors, and the benignity of a kind and merciful Providence who orders all allotments for the best good of those who commit their ways to the Lord.

MARCELLUS CIRCUIT.

My next appointment, in 1822, was to the Marcellus Circuit, which extends from Onondaga court-house, near its centre, from twenty to thirty miles in every direction, embracing eleven villages, and twenty-eight appointments for preaching. Nathaniel Salisbury, a probationer, was my yoke-fellow,—a young man of great moral worth and indomitable energy

and whose zeal and perseverance in the work of his Master have led him to prominent positions among his brethren. This Circuit included all the territory on the great turnpike, from Skaneateles to Manlius east and west, and from Liverpool and Cicero on the north, to Homer on the south. One of our appointments was at a school-house on the spot where the city of Syracuse has since been built. The change at this point has been as wonderful as that in the old court-house at Cazenovia, (now the elegant Seminary,) where, during my first year, I preached every four weeks, whose "inward adorning" presented nothing more ornate to cheer the eye, than murky walls and the festoons of the spider. Around Onondaga Lake, especially in Cicero, the roads at times were horrible in the extreme, but the hospitality of those who delighted to comfort us, rendered the fatigue and hardships of travel more tolerable than the lack of sympathy in the gorgeous apartments of paved cities.

MY FOURTH APPOINTMENT—LITCHFIELD AND CANAJOHARIE.

The poem entitled "Episcopal prerogatives," on page 44 will sufficiently explain some of the tribulations of this strange appointment. I had E. W. R. Allen for my colleague; a large territory on the Mohawk for my Circuit; my father-in-law's family at Paris, through the protracted illness of my wife, supplied physicians and nurses, kind and sympathetic neighbors for watchers; and a truly devoted and liberal people to supply many temporal comforts. Above all, I had the Divine hand to strengthen an impart spiritual comfort in the sorest trials which I had ever witnessed. In the month of May, before the close of this Conference year, tidings of the death of my father reached me, and I was soon obliged to re-

pair to the desolate homestead, to look after the affairs of the bereaved family. On entering the home of my childhood, with our babe in my arms and my wife at my side, my mother, not expecting us that day, fainted and fell to the floor. My father was in his grave, and for days it appeared to me that to behold even his lifeless countenance would afford me some relief from the burden of my grief. He had always greeted me, and generally by reaching out both hands at the gate;—but now, forever gone! I could only look up to God and cry, "O! my Heavenly Father, thou art the guide of my youth."

MY FIFTH APPOINTMENT, TO CAYUGA CIRCUIT.

The appointing power saw fit to fix my lot for the two succeeding years, on Cayuga Circuit, where I was brought up, and where I could comfort my widowed mother and look after the unsettled affairs of my father's estate. Here I had Rev. R. Lanning the first, and Rev. G. W. Densmore for my colleague the second year. During the second year the "Zion's Chapel," at Ludlowville, was completed, and dedicated by Rev. John Dempster, of Auburn. The mystery why this house was built on a pinnacle or brow of a hill before entering the village, in justice to all concerned, should be briefly stated, which I do the more freely at this date, now that the leading actors in the enterprise have finished their course, and a more liberal spirit has come upon those who once thought it a calamity to have a Methodist chapel in their midst.

Our society in and about this point had no place of worship short of "Asbury" chapel, four miles south, or Tetertown, some four miles north. My father, who had sustained the cause of Religion by every means in his power, without

limiting his aid to his own Church, thought the time had come when the Methodists should build ; but when he, with others, began to look after the most advantageous lot for a site, the leading denomination of the place, (and I will, from motives of good fellowship, omit to write the name in this connection,) by a bigoted opposition would manage to keep every such lot out of the market. Those points where a church might be built, easy of access, were few, and those were guarded by sectarian exclusiveness, like the entrances of harbors in the time of war, until no alternative remained but to give up the design, or choose the nearest point adjacent. The site selected was a necessitated choice, and a large portion of the expense was borne by the estate of my deceased parent, whose highest aspirations were gained when the cause of truth and the gospel of *free grace* was allowed free course and was glorified.

MY APPOINTMENT AT AUBURN.

In my account of being at school in 1814 and '15, I have anticipated on a former page what otherwise I should have said here. I will only add that at the State's Prison, the keeper, Judge Powers, and the various officers and turnkeys, united in making me a valuable testimonial of their esteem at the close of my service as chaplain. Among the convicts I have met with a few who profess to have received benefit from my humble ministrations during the time of their incarceration. Never have I since found a congregation of more *attentive* hearers ; never have I witnessed greater *decorum*, *uniform attendance* or *exemplary* deportment, and never a more *steadily increasing audience*.

In view of the means used to impart moral instruction and to reform criminals, I cannot doubt the wisdom of our laws

which consigns felons to the work-shops of an institution like this, where "mercy rejoices against judgment."

In respect to the system of seating the new Chapel in this place by families, mentioned in another place, I will also add that this early instance of breaking away from the shackles of custom has become very general. On remodelling the church at Victor, N. Y., in 1857, after the usage of "having men and women sit apart" had been kept up for forty years, we dared to propose the change, and succeeded in substituting *families* in the stead of *affinities*. Here it became necessary to remove one of the *free seats*, to make place for a stove. The back of this seat was carved by knives till the light shone through it, and all manner of images were to be seen, and were loathsome to behold. I took from it a piece to preserve as a curiosity and relic, and held it up in argument to favor a "more excellent way" on the occasion of renting, and have written on the opposite side as follows :

A relic am I, of an old "free seat,"
 How free you here see, for I am no cheat ;
 These images tell of freedom's loose laws,
 Of church desecration, and point to the cause—
 Left alone to do mischief, with old folks away,
 You see the sad marks which youth make in play.
 But now, in the seats where families mix,
 They find no more place for mischievous tricks.

AT GENEVA—1828, '29.

My seventh appointment was Geneva, where I remained two years. Nothing of special note occurred here, except a "season of refreshing," which somewhat increased the number and stability of the membership. This year being the first time the society had been a separate station, a dissension

arose in the early part of the first year respecting choir singing, or singing *led* by a choir in the gallery, and the renting of seats. A small minority were bitterly opposed to both, but instead of adducing reasons for dissenting, they employed the most unsparing invectives, calling those in the gallery "the devil's butterflies," &c. Bishop Roberts, on his way to the Conference at Le Roy, spent a Sabbath with us, whose counsel I had hoped would essentially aid me in bringing about a state of quietness. But his admonitions were as little heeded as my own. A genuine work of grace, however, afterwards did more than all else could do, and the differences respecting external forms and measures were lost sight of in the all absorbing interests of salvation. The tide of prosperity continued with small accessions till the Old Chapel was given up for the present spacious edifice, which was reared under the supervision of the late lamented Elijah Hebard.

AT PENN YAN.

My eighth appointment was at Penn Yan. My family being small, having but two children, we boarded this year with John Powell, of precious memory. With but little to interrupt my pastoral labors, I was much with the people going from house to house. A genuine work of grace was witnessed this year, which resulted in doubling the number and strength of the society; the increase of members was from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty. A deep seriousness, in the congregation led me to propose on a stated evening to meet at the Masonic Hall, all such as were anxiously concerned for their spiritual safety.

At the hour appointed about fifty persons attended. These together with a select number of brethren whom I had chosen to aid me, formed an interesting group, nearly encircling

the large room, which was well lighted. A solemn silence prevailed, indicative of that deep seriousness and conviction which is the sure precursor of spiritual prosperity. Having called on all to join in singing a penitential hymn, we knelt in prayer, and in this all bowed together; sighs and sobs, through the entire room, told that God was there. I soon began to speak audibly to each one by course, in a manner best suited to answer the great question lying upon the hearts of most who were present, viz: "What shall I do to be saved?" After singing an appropriate verse, occasionally, I called on one and then another of my assistants to lead in prayer, and that prayer at once became the prayer of all who could respond Amen! This example of united prayer has the sanction alike of reason and revelation, and the result was most salutary. Step by step those who thus came weeping and inquiring the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward," were conducted into liberty, and were "able to give a reason for their hope to those who asked them, with meekness and fear." Seven or eight of the number present were "filled with joy and peace in believing," while others were more fully committed to the purpose of seeking the Lord with all the heart.

One of this number, Col. H., found the witness of his adoption on horseback, while riding homeward. Thus the work went on like a deep stream, in silent majesty, and but for the intervention of a spirit of proselytism from a certain quarter, the work would doubtlessly have been far more extensive. This society was *planted* a "goodly vine" and "wholly a right seed," [JER. 2: 21,] and hence the stability and prosperity which has marked its history to the present day. It is now, if not unequalled, is not surpassed by any church organization within my knowledge, and its fruits are

manifest in its liberal and systematic plans of benevolence and adherence to those plain and unequivocal precepts which constituted the church at Thessolinca, an "ensample to all them that believe."

To this society the family of the lamented Abner Chase belonged, and here he spent his leisure time for many years and was cared for when "worn out" in the service of the Church, and where his brethren have erected a suitable memorial over his sleeping dust.

REMOVAL TO BROCKPORT.

The "iron wheel" of itinerancy separated me from this most agreeable charge at the close of the first year, when I was sent to Brockport. The unexpected change was a source of regret soon after, to all parties. The young converts were most of all dissatisfied, and the high esteem in which my P. E., father Chase, was generally held, was for a time in imminent peril. But the bishop of souls overruled the event, and in this, as in many parallel cases, it was manifest that the wisdom of Providence is magnified by atoning for the weakness of human judgment.

I found at Brockport a lively, united, and prosperous Society. The year was much abridged, however, by the time lost in getting settled in a rented house, and by an absence of six weeks at the General Conference at Philadelphia. At the close of the year I found myself happily united to the people, and with the prospect of being most useful a second year, when again the book of disappointment was opened, and my name was announced for *Seneca Lake District*. "Silena's Benediction" and my "Reply," found among my poems, will sufficiently indicate the spirit in which the trial was endured by both parties.

REMOVAL TO ELMIRA.

Elmira being near the center of my district, I made all diligence to remove thither. I regarded my appointment to this large and laborious charge as the finality of my labors as an itinerant preacher. With a voice of no extraordinary compass, and but a moderate share of health and strength, to say nothing of my sense of inability in other respects, I looked upon the vast hill country, embracing six Counties in Pa. and seven Counties in southern New York, as the "Great Mountain of Samaria," which I had not faith to think would be made "a plain."

But so it was, that with my "reindeer" horse I set off with trembling and tears to remote places, to hold quarterly and camp-meetings, among strangers, and to address large assemblies, in barns and in the open air, and found the promise fulfilled "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

With a pressure of responsibilities cast upon me hitherto unknown, I soon found that constant exercise in the open air, pure water, plain food and abundant labor combined, served as a sovereign catholicon, to renovate, stimulate and invigorate my whole nature, mental, moral and physical.

The four years I spent on this District would furnish materials for a volume. I can only say, they were years of incredible labor, and of great religious comfort and prosperity. My rides extending from Ovid and Penn Yan, north, to Loyalsock, south, and from Ulysses to Wellsborough and Greenwood, east and west. Many of the tributary streams of the Chemung and Susquehanna were unbridged, and it is little less than miraculous, that in fording them by day and night at all seasons, I did not find a watery grave. But "every man," it is said, "is immortal till his work is done."

For want of a house of worship, my first Q. Meeting at Elmira was held at the Court House. Rev. Jonas Dodge, the preceding year, had taken an axe upon his shoulder, and led the way to the woods to hew timber for a commodious chapel, which I found in course of erection, and which I had the honor of dedicating a few months after my arrival. To his indomitable energy and self-sacrificing zeal, the Church in this place is largely indebted.

The dedicatory service was followed with a series of meetings which were continued, with increasing interest through the entire winter, and hundreds were made the subjects of a revival, the fruits of which have exerted a wide influence in different parts of the country. The "glory which filled the house" at times, even before the "pulpit of wood" was finished — when the word was dispensed from a rostrum formed of a *work-bench*, can never be surpassed till the veil of mortal vision is removed. This extraordinary work fully occupied the intervals of every week, when, by hard driving, I was enabled to reach home. The harmony, peace, and singleness of purpose which characterized the labors of the preachers and people during my entire term on this District, would well compare with those days when "all they that believed were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need."

It is worthy of note that soon after our new chapel was opened, I attended a temperance meeting in the village and was called upon to speak to a resolution. None present were left to doubt respecting my readiness to unite heartily in the temperance cause, which at this time was languishing. Most of our people stood aloof, for the simple and sole reason that they deemed their *discipline* a good and sufficient "pledge" of

abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Satisfied that the "Temperance Society," freed from all sectarian bias, should receive the concurrent aid of all christians, I yielded to the request to deliver an address on the subject, in two weeks from that time, and by a stroke of policy the meeting was appointed to be held in the Methodist Chapel. It was a startling announcement. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, and at the close two hundred and six signatures were added to the list of "pledges." By a popular vote a copy of the address was solicited for publication. After a day's hesitation I submitted it for the village papers. I name these facts to reach the one I am only desirous of making the reader acquainted with, which is this: that at this time a larger portion of our people in this section stood aloof from the popular temperance cause, as carried on irrespective of creeds, either religious or political.

One of the trustees and a steward withal, would not come near the meeting, and said if the appointment had been for any one except the P. E., he would have closed the church against him. He was urged to read the address, and being asked what he thought of it, said "I guess it is best to call it a *rat*, and let it go!" He himself subsequently went to the Episcopal Church, in whose communion he died—having little faith, it is presumed, in "becoming all things to all men that he might save some."

Among incidents of peril, I may mention one which was emphatically "in the wilderness." Being at the time a trustee of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Dr. Luckey, the Principal, wrote me that a special meeting of the Board was to be held at Lima, on Tuesday of a given date in August, when I must not fail to be present, stating that the importance of the occasion would justify my leaving a camp-meet-

ing [which was to be held at Troupsburg] to take care of itself. I attended the camp-meeting, however, until Sunday toward evening, when, knowing that I had over seventy miles to travel to reach Lima, gave the charge of the meeting to an Elder, and covertly set off with A. B. Pickard, who knew the way, to the Canisteo river, where we hoped to arrive in time for a meeting which he said was appointed there in the evening. I soon found the distance greater than I was aware of, and the road led down the mountain nine miles through the woods, without a house on the way. Just before entering the woods, Mr. P. and an old gentleman who rode with him in a low Jersey wagon, looked anxiously toward a log cabin, where it seemed possible to find shelter for the night. We held a brief council, the sun's altitude was measured, and we decided to "go ahead." The weather was clear and the air was mild, but the road was cut through wind-falls and full of deep ravines made by rills of water, and these often filled with mud. The overhanging foliage made it dark before night-fall, and I soon plunged into a deep rut and was precipitated down the mountain from the seat of my sulky. Mr. P., seeing me fall, sprang from his seat in the rear to aid me, when he, too, for a few minutes, was disabled. Resuming our seats, we ventured on, but having gone only about half through the nine-mile woods, we were compelled to hold a second counsel.

It was agreed that we would find a dry spot, if possible, between the mud holes, and encamp till morning. We tied the horses to trees, took out the loose seat from the wagon, and, with my saddle-bags for a pillow and an old buffalo-robe for a covering, we made a *bunk* or couch of the wagon box. After family prayers, without supper, we attempted to adjust ourselves to a *close conformity*, in this narrow resting-place.

Finding the place too strait for us, Bro. P. removed his quarters to the seat he had placed in the bushes, when the venerable stranger and myself had the whole bed to ourselves. Before going to sleep he asked me if I kept a journal ; I replied in the negative, and he evidently deplored my remissness. Having slept some, we were at day-dawn on our way again to the river. We called for a late breakfast at Stephens' Hotel, on the river bank, where the people informed us that a panther had been recently caught near where we had spent the night, and that wolves were often seen there. Parting here with my travelling companions, I pressed forward and reached Lima early next morning. At this meeting of the Board, it became necessary for the Trustees to become responsible for a large sum at the bank, after parting with all that could be spared from our private purses. For several years these journeyings to meet the Board were indispensable ; and to keep the Institution from sinking, sacrifices of time and money were continually called for.

The surviving few who still take an interest in these Institutions at Lima, are happy in witnessing a brighter era in their history, and hope that the present and future guardians of the young will evince equal or even greater efficiency and disinterestedness in the discharge of their official duties.

REMOVAL TO ROCHESTER DISTRICT.

During the four years of my labor on this District, my family was located at Pittsford, six miles east of Rochester city. Here we buried two infant children. Our neighbors were eminently kind and fraternal. We were received on our arrival in December, into the family of Rev. Merritt Ferguson, for a few days, who, with his estimable lady, showed themselves no ordinary friends at all times, but especially in every time of need.

The history of our weekly periodical at Auburn, is one of reverses and misfortunes.

The Western Banner was commenced by Mr. B. Badger, who had been the pioneer editor of Zion's Herald, N. E., and the first editor of the Christian Advocate at New York, in 1826. Owing to the failure of his health the paper at Auburn was likely to be discontinued, when three brethren in that place purchased the press and fixtures, and Rev. Z. Paddock, the pastor of the M. E. Church, was prevailed with to serve as editor for eight or ten months, which office he fulfilled in connection with his pastoral duties, with great acceptance. At the next session of the Black River Conference, the proposition to purchase the concern was submitted to the Oneida and Genesee, and by their concurrence, it became the joint property of these three patronizing conferences. It was placed under the supervision of a Publishing Committee of nine members, three from each Conference, to be chosen annually. Rev. L. Grant, J. Huestis, I. Chamberlayne, G. Peck, Z. Paddock, J. Richardson, C. Giles, L. Lee, and A. Peck. See "Auburn Banner," Vol. I, No. 2, Jan. 5, 1837. Rev. I. Chamberlayne was appointed editor, and Rev. L. Grant, general agent. The Banner was thus set up "in the name of the Crucified," by the confluent action of pastors and teachers, who were desirous of adding to the efficiency of their pulpit ministrations the powerful auxiliary of the press, in "spreading scriptural holiness over the land." How far it has succeeded in its mission, promoting "peace on earth and good will toward men," I will not pretend to answer. Whether on the whole we have not lost by offensive personalities and acrimonious bickerings about "questions which gender strife," more than has been gained to the cause of God and Methodism through this organ, is a grave question.

to the publication, or encourage the circulation by the agency of the members of said conferences of any other paper beside the Christian Advocate," &c., our subscription list having been given in part payment for the money loaned.

It will remembered that under this embargo the doctrine of *literary monopoly* was discussed with Dr. Bond in the columns of the paper at New-York, we having no longer a *tongue* of our own at Auburn, until Rev. J. E. Robie set up a paper on his own responsibility, in the columns of which there was freedom of speech. No one was disposed to *repudiate* the obligation which our agent had entered into, but it was a question involving a great moral principle. Although the Conferences might not encourage or patronize other papers in their *official* capacity, it was held that the rights of private individuals could not be bartered away by any commissioner or corporate body, without the consent of the individuals concerned, separately considered. The commissioner, it was urged, could not consistently sell the "birth-right" of his brethren, whatever he might do with his own, yet even that should not be extorted for a "mess of pottage,"—a pittance which could well be spared from the general fund of the *home treasury* in such an extremity, especially when it was clear that these Conferences had been among the most profitable agencies in making that fund what it was; and the "joint heirs" of a *patrimony* ought not, it was urged, to be compelled to take the attitude of *paupers*, and at the same time to give sanction to a *monopoly* in literature, every way subversive of civil and religious freedom.

The impending crisis came in 1840, and the sum of our liabilities amounted to \$5,119.79. After our assets were duly credited, and the concern was to be closed up, the *pro rata* dividend for each preacher to pay, was \$17.50. It is due to

all concerned to say that this sum was paid even by the poorest, with promptness, though some who never believed that all things were "fore-ordained," felt that they were paying a debt which a misguided zeal had needlessly entailed upon them. In 1837, the question had been presented to the Conferences by the committee, whether we should wind up the concern in disgrace, or put forth a new and increased effort to sustain it. When the question came before us at the Conference held in Perry, I felt called upon to speak of our joint interest in the light of *safety, justice, and mercy, of honor and a common brotherhood*. A brief sketch of my remarks has been preserved :

"When no small tempest lay upon the ship," in which St. Paul was sailing, he said to the crew and to the soldiers, "except ye abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." To desert her would have been to jeopard everything and insure nothing but death. I alluded to the fable of the "two travellers and the bear," and assured all that whatever might be my fate, I should "mount no tree" while my fellow travellers were prostrate on the ground. No crew in time of a storm could afford to contend over the causes which had brought them into trouble, but should put forth every effort to get in safety to the land. But it has been said that we cannot extricate ourselves without neglecting our duty toward the *parent* paper at New-York. Here I inquired, 'Can the mother forget the child of her bosom?' And asked if an act of infanticide would be likely to propitiate the favor, or gratify the wishes of a good mother. Changing the figure, we have begun to build, and have so far advanced in our work that in justice to others and mercy to ourselves, we may not at our peril stop here. It would crimson the cheek of every true Geneseean to hear it said in mockery 'you began

to build, but were not able to finish! We stand pledged before the world to complete the erection of this noble monument, and inscribe on it the insignia of the Cross.

The *Pulpit* and the *Press* were united at the Old Foundry in London, and what God in his providence has so happily "joined together," let us not treacherously put asunder! We have put our hands to the frame-work of the building our friends have made ready to raise. The first bent is already raised to our breasts, and we find it *heavy*—yes, heavier than we had expected! But we have strength—all the strength we need for the occasion: but it must be used in *lifting*, and not in walking about on the timbers! Such *dead weights* will crush us. If one and another, through *fear*, shall flee from his post and leave the whole suspended on the shoulders of a few, these few must be crushed by the fall! This is our fearful position at this moment. Let me say, then, to one and all, "Come to the rescue!" This frame "fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth," must go up! Sustaining my full share of the overpowering weight that presses upon my shoulders, I should deem it no felony to *borrow a few pike-poles from my dear mother's fence*, if need be, to raise it above the reach of our bare hands; and with those already supplied, I am animated with the Master Builder's command—*All-as-one! all-together! heave-o-heave!* I say, sir, let us this day place the building upon its *foundation*, and celebrate a victory over debt and dissension."

During my appeal, of which the above is a reported copy, Bishop Hedding's gravity quite forsook him, while Dr. Bangs and other visitors, admitted the *justness*, if not the impressiveness of our plea.

My limits will not allow of tracing the still more disastrous strife and disunion which have been witnessed among us

during the last four years. As I have taken no part in the contest thus far, I will leave the subject for the historian of a future day to do justice to the parties, who have learned by sad experience that "a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city, and their contentions are like the bars of a castle."

At the close of my term of four years on the Rochester District, I was appointed to the Rochester East Station, Rev. Thomas Carlton being in charge of the West Side of the river. The chimerical project of having but one place of worship for all our people in the city having met with opposition from a portion of the society, they had formed a separate charge, and gone back to the old brick church on South St. Paul street. This church was now leased by individual owners to the society, at \$300 a year. This sum, added to the salaries of the pastor, sexton and chorister, and the expense of lighting and warming the house, &c., amounted to about \$1,300 for the year. By united and systematic effort, these expenses were promptly met by the society, which was comparatively poor. By a systematic apportionment, paid weekly, the entire amount was forthcoming, no one complaining of his burden. The spiritual state of the church, under every discouragement, did not decline. The importance of a new building for the East charge was very generally conceded, but it was not easy to fix on a site that would give general satisfaction. It was finally agreed to unite on any eligible lot that could be obtained, on Clinton street between Main street and Washington square. William Graves and myself were authorized to make the selection. The choice of the corner of Main and Clinton streets, on which St. John's Chapel was afterwards built, was concurred in and bought

by us for the society, at a very moderate price. A difference of opinion still existed in regard to the *manner* of building—whether the proposed house should be *free*, or be built on the stock principle. The question was settled by putting in circulation two subscription books. On that for a free house enough could not be obtained to pay for the lot ; while on the other, before going to the Conference I had obtained between five and six thousand dollars, in the form of stock. The plan I had proposed was, to obtain the entire amount—about \$10,000 to \$12,000—and let the job to a contractor for the face of the subscription, before striking the first blow. At the Conference ensuing I was appointed to the Ontario District, and another policy was adopted, of which, with its sad results, it does not become me to speak. Few churches have evinced a greater degree of liberality than the M. E. Church in Rochester, and none have been more unfortunate in their expenditures. The First Church having been destroyed by fire ; another taken the “*wings*” of even a more destructive element, the munificent bequest of A. Champion, Esq., cannot suffice to atone for *all* that has been lost.

Leaving the city pastorate for a District again, Geneva was its geographical centre, and thither we removed, to renew early associations, formed while a pastor in that place. My limits will only allow of saying that four years passed away in “*journeyings oft*,” though not tedious, and in “*labors abundant*,” though delightful. Having found Geneva a most convenient home in the discharge of official labor during *one-fourth* of my official life, no other place can surpass it in beauty, and no other people can impose on us a larger debt of gratitude.

APPOINTMENT TO AGENCY OF BIBLE SOCIETY, IN 1845.

In August of 1845, at the Conference held in Buffalo, I was appointed Agent of the American Bible Society for Western New-York—a work even more onerous than that of a District—including all the Churches affiliating in this noble charity in fifteen counties. This appointment allowed me to retrace the three Districts I had travelled during the twelve years preceding, and while enlisting the lovers of truth in the wider circulation of the uncommented Scriptures, it allowed me larger scope for promoting the grand object of “Evangelical Union.” This single object, to my mind, was of paramount importance,—the whole tendency of this sublime scheme of benevolence was to this point, and placed it in my estimation highest in the list of special agencies. The cordiality with which I was everywhere received, the constantly widening sphere of my acquaintance and fellowship with the “angels of the churches,” together with the soul inspiring theme of “one Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism,” made me forgetful of weariness and the narrow conceits of denominational pride. To be compelled by over exertion to desist, was the sorest trial of my whole life. During the prevalence of the cholera, I was at times in the midst of its ravages, and continual physical prostration rendered me susceptible of becoming an easy prey to the destroyer. A sense of duty to myself and family led me to tender my resignation at the close of four years, and seek a restoration to health in the quietness of a pastorate, after the absorbing cares, and almost ceaseless pressure and excitement of sixteen years abroad. Rev. J. Richardson, of the Presbyterian Church, succeeded me, whose amiability of temper, commanding talents and catholic spirit, eminently fitted him for the place,

and whose efficiency, and robust health, have combined to keep him in the field to the present time. The advantages of *home* in a pleasant "Rural Retreat," in charge of the congregation at Rushville in 1849, [See poem, page 41,] had the effect to recuperate my debilitated energies, and prepare me for the less sacrificial duties of a pastor..

AT CANANDAIGUA, 1850 AND 1851.

After remaining one year at Rushville, a more laborious charge was assigned me at Canandaigua. Here I remained two years where my associations were every way endearing.

Rev. Mr. Daggett, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, by his uniform fraternal kindness, pulpit exchanges and frequent greetings, greatly contributed to render my lot a pleasant one. May the Church of Christ be blest with the ministrations of men of like mind, "world without end!"

Rev. J. Raines, and many kindred spirits of my charge, were also among "the excellent of the earth, in whom is all my delight." Nevertheless,

Here, as at Athens, lived a *few*,
Who sought for something always new;
Whose "itching ears" and turbid brain,
To please, a Paul might preach in vain.

The pride of goodness, as Baxter terms it, has often been found like "dead flies in the ointment of the apothecary," sending forth an offensive odor. Not unfrequently is it associated with an "earnest christianity," and under that name extending a deliterious and disturbing influence, in *monstrous* forms of religious worship.

Alas! that sinful worms should be
Proud of extreme humility;
And show their faith by useless works,
In loudness, frenzy, cant, and jerks.

Who has not witnessed exhibitions of ungoverned zeal in which the "work of God has been marred and discredited by the folly of men." An instance occurred in this society of a most fatal kind of excess. I refer to it for the benefit of those who may have thought that God will "accept of murder for sacrifice," or that *screaming* is essential to awaken or keep alive the fervor of true devotion. A class leader, Brother B. C., of an ardent temperament, and of noble and generous impulses, had, from the earliest date of his experience in spiritual life, entertained the erroneous notion that he must follow his impressions "in order to worship God in the spirit, and *enjoy himself*." Verily, like many others in this way, he enjoyed more of *himself* than was either pleasing or profitable to others. In speaking by way of exhortation, [in which he indulged but too freely in class,] and in praying, he would usually reach so high a strain very soon, as to make it distressing to hear him, and with a little of the same demonstration from a few others, the occasion of a class and prayer meeting became annoying to the neighbors. I plainly saw that Br. C. was not only destroying his usefulness, but his life. I loved him, and sought by kind entreaty in frequent private interviews, to "show him a more excellent way." "In no other way," he replied "can I *enjoy myself*." But said I, "Christ pleased not *himself*, and St. Paul said, Let every one of us please his *neighbor* for his good to *edification*." The word of God, and not the varying impulses of our deceitful hearts, should be obeyed. "Charity," or the love of God, shed abroad in the heart, is *unselfish*. "Charity *seeketh not her own*," and how does this compare with your "*seeking to enjoy yourself*?" Besides, it "*doth not behave itself unseemly*:" i. e., "*rudely or unmannerly*."* Some under the

* See Dr. Clarke.

pretext of being endowed with *grace*, seem to care not how many they put to pain, or how many they displease, while their Bible plainly teaches all true Christians to "walk in wisdom toward them that are *without*." St. Paul said, "I am made *all things to all men, that I might by all means, save some*." If, therefore; we have the *self-denying* "Spirit of Christ," we shall put self under our feet, while in every lawful and consistent way we make it our first great object to edify and win others to Christ—which can never be done by "a show of wisdom in *will worship* and (voluntary) humility, and neglecting the body."* "If I use a *low tone*, he would say, I quench the spirit, and lose the blessing." I then asked, how do you pray in *secret*? With you there can be no secret prayer if all the neighbors must hear you. Suffice it to say, he was soon admonished by raising blood that he was violating the laws of health, and for a short time reformed.

Losing again his self-control, a larger effusion of blood succeeded his violent vociferations, and in a short time an alarming hemorrhage laid him on the bed of death, in the prime of his days. He left an interesting family and the church to mourn at once over his erring excesses, and his untimely departure.

"Whoso readeth, let him understand."

STATIONED AT VIENNA, ONTARIO COUNTY, N. Y., 1852 AND 1853.

Coming to the Vienna station, I was no stranger. My pulpit was under the same roof where I was ordained a deacon by Bishop Roberts in 1822. There was even then a large society in this place. A generation had passed away,

* On this subject the reader may find my views more fully expressed in the poem on "Cold Formalities, and Wild Fanaticism," page 53.

and the chapel had been remodeled. Instead of the great "cupboard" with two doors, one of which entered the pulpit proper, the other entered the dark closet under it, causing sometimes a very ludicrous mistake, at the expense of an unpiloted stranger—there was now, in good taste, a neat platform pulpit, and the congregation was seated by families. By a graduated scale the revenue of the seats made it no longer necessary for the stewards to make a quarterly exploration of the town, "begging something for the preacher." One of my stewards was Dr. Bannister, who has been from an early period widely known to the Methodist public, whose house has ever been open for the messengers of the gospel, and whose sons are now occupying honorable positions of usefulness as ministers and teachers, &c. Other men of true piety and prominence constituted our Official Board, and my term of service was spent with comparatively few trials, yet with far less success than could have been desired. Rev. Samuel C. Adams, of revival notoriety, was with us "daily in the temple" for several weeks in the summer of 1853, but without witnessing his usual success. This society has erected an elegant brick church on the ground occupied by the old one, and is numbered among the oldest and most influential in the East Genesee Conference, and of which I can never think without David's meditations respecting Jerusalem.

Of the class of twelve who were ordained deacons with me at this place in 1822, four or five survive. Among them are Rev. S. Parker, and Rev. P. Smith, now Bishop of the Methodist Church in Canada, and with whom I had the pleasure to meet at the re-union of the preachers of "Old Genesee," held in Buffalo, during the session of the late General Conference.

AT PITTSFORD, 1854-'55-'56.

Having spent 4 years pleasantly in Pittsford, while on the Rochester District (from 1836 to 1840), my return to that place was every way pleasing, especially as it was influenced by official invitation on the part of those whose remembrances had suffered no abatement for nearly 20 years. Most of our former acquaintances had finished their course; but finding grace in the eyes of newly made friends, *two years* were spent here most agreeably.

Favored with a gracious revival the second year, between 30 and 40 interesting members were added to the Society. My acquaintance through the town was increasingly cordial. My dwelling was made every way commodious; but my wife was in feeble health, and my aged mother, in her 80th year, lingering with a cancerous tumor which we knew must soon terminate her life. These were among the reasons which led me to say, "The appointing power may send me to what field they please, but for once, and the first time in more than 30 years, I must decide to take a new field of labor *without removing my family*." To this I alluded in my valedictory—believing that without a very long ride I might serve a small charge and return home once in each week. It was found at the conference that in those adjacent stations where a change was expected the people would insist on their pastor's family living amongst them (which my judgment has always approved). I therefore requested the Bishop to leave me without an appointment.

Knowing the facts in the case at a late hour of the session at Palmyra, with a discriminating and paternal sympathy, the Bishop (God bless him) said to me, "From all I can learn, your people would be well pleased to have you return to

them were not the rule in the way, and as there is a lack of men, and several places must be left, 'to be supplied,' if you will take a *superannuated* relation, on account of family affliction, I think that, with the concurrence of the Presiding Elder, the people of Pittsford can be *readily* supplied." I replied that I had never dreamed of remaining there, as *pastor*, another year—nor had the people thought of it. Left to this only alternative, however, I returned home, as I had requested, without an appointment.

The first Sabbath after my return the people assembled as usual, and all eyes were intent on seeing the "new preacher." Judge of my embarrassed situation when invited to preach, and follow my "farewell" with an unlooked for, and seemingly self-appointed service! A strange anomaly indeed, which a jealous and superficial mind could easily interpret as a base and preconcerted scheme. I ventured, nevertheless, to state in simple terms the peculiarities of their position, and of my own; and having supplied their lack of service for the hour, left the open question of a "supply" in future to the consideration of those concerned.

I hazard little in saying that had there existed a *rule* extending the term to *three* years, under all the circumstances of the case there would have been great unanimity in asking my return the third year. As it was, doubts arose in the minds of two or three *knowing ones* in regard to the *lawfulness* of the measure, and these were followed by professedly grave doubts respecting the *motives* which they uncharitably supposed must have caused this state of things. These inconsiderate, not to say "*false brethren*," affecting great concern for *law and order* by a pertinacious interference busied themselves in stirring up strife and debate, and in the plenitude of their tender mercies, all my *antecedents*, my *age* in the min-

istry, and the condition of my afflicted family were thrown out of the account, while a cruel attempt was made to awaken prejudice, and sow dissension among those who otherwise might in unity have been profited by my continued labors, as they had been in the past. I name this not so much to vindicate myself against false and unfounded aspersions, which a kind Providence soon dissipated, as to honor the memory of numerous faithful and consistent friends who stood by me, and sustained my honest endeavors to do good, to the close of the third year. My suffering mother soon after died, whose heart was saddened by this trial, fearing that she was the cause of it, although she had comforted many afflicted ministers in their privations and toils before these "miserable comforters" were born. I will only add the pertinent language of an apostle under similar trials: "If any have caused grief, he hath not grieved me but in part; * * * sufficient to such a man is this *punishment* which was inflicted of many." II Cor., 2: 5, 6.

The following year I was appointed to the Victor charge, ten miles east; where, to testify their respect, most of the families of the Pittsford charge united in a large *surprise* party, filling our parsonage with "old friends" and good things, and our hearts with joy and gladness, bringing along with them recollections of the *third year's* "supply." St Paul said what I will not here repeat, respecting one who "had done him much evil;" but rather unite with Stephen in praying that he may be forgiven. God has by this strange event thus glanced at, overruled the whole greatly to my benefit in several ways, and the words of Joseph may be truly applied in countless instances of the kind: "Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good."—*Gen.*, 1, 20.

At Pittsford I have spent seven years of my public life, I

trust not without being of some service to many whose friendship any good man might highly prize. During my second year we were united in a protracted meeting with the Presbyterian Church, with glorious results. Rev. Job Pierson, their pastor, and his amiable and devoted wife, acted a part worthy of the millennial period, together with several zealous and active brethren whom I can never forget, and never think of without grateful affection.

AT VICTOR, 1857-8.

Against all my remonstrances, my afflicted mother had chosen to go and die at the house of my sister, Mrs. S. Love, at Ithaca, lest her remaining with us should embarrass my appointment for another year. At liberty now to remove, we received our lot at Victor, where there was labor in prospect to try the wisdom, courage, prudence, patience, and perseverance of one mightier than I. The charge embraced two appointments, six miles apart, requiring three services on the Sabbath, and twelve miles' travel, which I was enabled to perform throughout my term of two years. The society at Victor, once strong and vigorous, was now, by emigration, death, and secession, few and feeble. Their chapel and parsonage had become sadly dilapidated. In the chapel might be seen an ancient *sub-pulpit*, in which six men might sit unseen, the walls and windows broken, and every thing in the interior spoke of discomfort and desolation. "The men and women sat apart," (far apart,) on opposite sides of the house, with no sexton, and no system of finance. It would seem to require the faith of Elijah to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and the mediation of Moses to "renew the tables" and restore the ark, and "wise-hearted men to come to the work for the offering of the sanctuary."—*Ex. xxxvi*,

A few weeks of dark foreboding passed away, when on the 11th of October I preached from Neh. ii, 20: "The God of heaven, he will prosper us," and very soon indications of encouragement led to an attempt to "build up the wall of Jerusalem that we might be no more a reproach." By the coöperation of faithful brethren, in exactly the time of finishing the wall of Jerusalem, Neh. vi, 15, viz, "*fifty and two days*," the refitment was completed, and the house was "beautified," and made at once attractive and comfortable. After a re-dedication sermon by Rev. S. Seager, D. D., the seats, excepting the gallery and six or eight below marked "Free," were rented to families, and in one hour ample provision was thereby made to meet fully the amount fixed upon for the support of the pastor, and the services of an accomplished sexton. After the people of this church had pursued a beaten track for forty years, it was cheering to witness the unanimity with which they adopted, in the place of quarterly *charities* in keeping with *pauperism*, the principle of an equitable system of *justice* in a voluntary apportionment of the sum indispensable to meet the current expenses of the house. A graduated scale of prices gave all the choice of such sittings as would best comport with their sense of ability. No Demas or Diotrephas was found ambitious for the "preëminence," but the spirit of the gospel seemed to shame the pride of little minds which are jealous of distinctions. Each applicant seemed to "esteem others better than himself." Thus a responsible person was found in each seat, and in effect as many sextons were now installed as there were seats rented. This change was found most conducive, first, to *good order*; second, to *personal* comfort—the feeble being at liberty to do as at home, in making the place of sitting easy and agreeable; third, to securing a numerous, respectable, and permanent *congregation*—for when men are induced to

pay their money, they will *follow* after it; fourth, in preventing the *invidiousness of caste*, inseparable from the promiscuous plan, which naturally tends to *affinities*, and usually shows a marked distinction between the groups of old and young, the rich and poor, and assigns the *foremost* seats to the *elderly* members, leaving others unnoticed who may have found "*their own*" in some obscure part of the house; besides, whenever space will admit of it, (and extra space should always be provided by such as are able,) the poor and strangers should be invited to sit near the pew-holders, or at their side, and thus do vastly more to win their confidence and to promote *equality*, than can be done by the trumpet-tones of a boasted *free house*, where no such *courtesy* or *civility* is manifested; fifth, this plan affords the most equitable and certain mode of raising the current expenses of the house; sixth, it affords the only effectual security for *cleanliness*, and a sure antidote against *injury* to the seats, and kindred mischiefs; seventh, it furnishes a test of *liberality* and true *hospitality*, by which all may give proof of their love, and of that Christian courtesy, withal, whose elevating and ennobling influence are felt and seen wherever "men of prominence condescend to men of low estate." (See more on this subject at pp. 119, 128.)

I should not forget to notice, that at the instance of Rev. Mr. Pierson, my former friend and neighbor at Pittsford, and now pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this place, his session extended an invitation to us to occupy their church until ours was made ready. We gladly accepted it, and it fell to my lot to preach for about two months, every Sabbath morning, to the united congregations, and my beloved "yoke-fellow" preached to them in the afternoon, while I went to my North appointment. Thus, by "endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," maintaining our

own views without calling any man heretic, a most cordial fellowship was maintained, and the Kingdom of Christ was built up. Having enlarged and improved the parsonage, I had the satisfaction to leave the whole in a condition to cheer the hearts of better men, who may now, with no great sacrifice, be found *ready* to enter into this inviting field. That mode of seating the Lord's house, after all, should be adopted, which the *habits, prejudices and intelligence* of the people will best warrant. The peace and unity of the church should never be sacrificed to any favorite theory about things indifferent. In conclusion, I ought to say, that from the beginning of my ministry I never have formed stronger bonds of attachment to any people than to those of this charge. As small and numerous fibres constitute the strong cable, so small favors, constantly repeated, in which a minister receives fresh tokens of remembrance as often almost as the families of his congregation have anything *capable of being divided* these serve, as did the kindness of Aaron and Hur, to "stay up the hands and inspire the courage of the minister till the going down of the sun."—*Ex.*, xvii, 12. If any were "forward to do" who lacked opportunity, their good will was not the less precious and reciprocal.

In the fall of 1859, we were appointed to Honeoye Falls, our "later sweet home." The reader will find our brief experience here such as is indicated in the last poem found in the preceding pages.

I must decline writing more at the present time, and may find occasion to regret that I had not written less, from the fact that this appendix has been written in much haste, and under the most disquieting circumstances. A new edition might as easily prove more creditable to the author, as more gratifying to the general reader.

ORIENTAL MAXIMS,

SELECTED CHIEFLY FROM MAUNDER'S TREASURY OF
KNOWLEDGE.

"On Folly's lips eternal babblings dwell;
Wisdom speaks little, and that little well:
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
But shorter shadows mark meridian day."

A truly great man borrows no lustre from splendid
ancestry.

Among the base, merit begets envy; among the noble,
emulation.

A careless watch invites a vigilant foe.

A wounded reputation is seldom cured.

A man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his
principles.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

A man that breaks his word bids others be false to him.

A wager is a fool's argument.

Affectation in dress implies a flaw in the understanding.

A penny saved is twice earned.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

Ambition is torment enough for an enemy.

A fool's heart is ever dancing on his lips.

Be slow in choosing a friend, but slower in changing
him.

Beauty is no longer amiable than while virtue adorns it.

Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Bury not your faculties in the sepulchre of idleness.
 Better face a danger once than be always in fear.
 By learning to obey you will know how to command.
 Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune.
 Confine your tongue, lest it confine you.
 Content is the true philosopher's stone.
 Counsel from an inferior should be called for, not offered.
 Custom in infancy becomes nature in old age.
 Contempt will sooner kill an injury than revenge.
 Confidence is the companion of success.
 Consecrate to God the first fruits of your daily thoughts.
 Cool heads invent systems, warm hearts embrace them.
 Conscience is the chamber of justice.
 Civilly glance at the imperfections of friends, but never
 stare at them.
 Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.
 Diet cures more than the doctor.
 Despise none; despair of none.
 Do not in prosperity what may be repented of in adversity.
 Deliberate long on that which you can do but once.
 Despatch is the soul of business; method the soul of
 despatch.
 Dissemblers oftener deceive themselves than others.
 Debt is the worst kind of poverty.
 Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in
 old age.
 Deep rivers move with silent majesty; shallow brooks
 are noisy.
 Dare to be good, whatever evils may surround you.
 Deliver your words not by number, but by weight.
 Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.

Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices may be hatched.

Every man is a pilot in a calm sea.

Every delay of repentance is a cheat upon ourselves.

Empty vessels make the greatest sound.

Every vice fights against nature.

Examine well the counsel that favors your desires.

Each day is a new life; regard it, therefore, as an epitome of the whole.

Envy no man; it is a censure on the liberality of Providence.

Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, as coquetry is by true love.

Forsake not God till you can find a better master.

Flattery is like an empty tomb on which friendship is inscribed.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half as useful as common sense.

Guilt will make cowards of us all.

Great talkers discharge too quick to take true aim.

Great events give scope for great virtues.

Greatness may build the tomb, but goodness must have the epitaph.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

He that knows himself best esteems himself least.

Industry is fortune's right hand, and frugality her left.

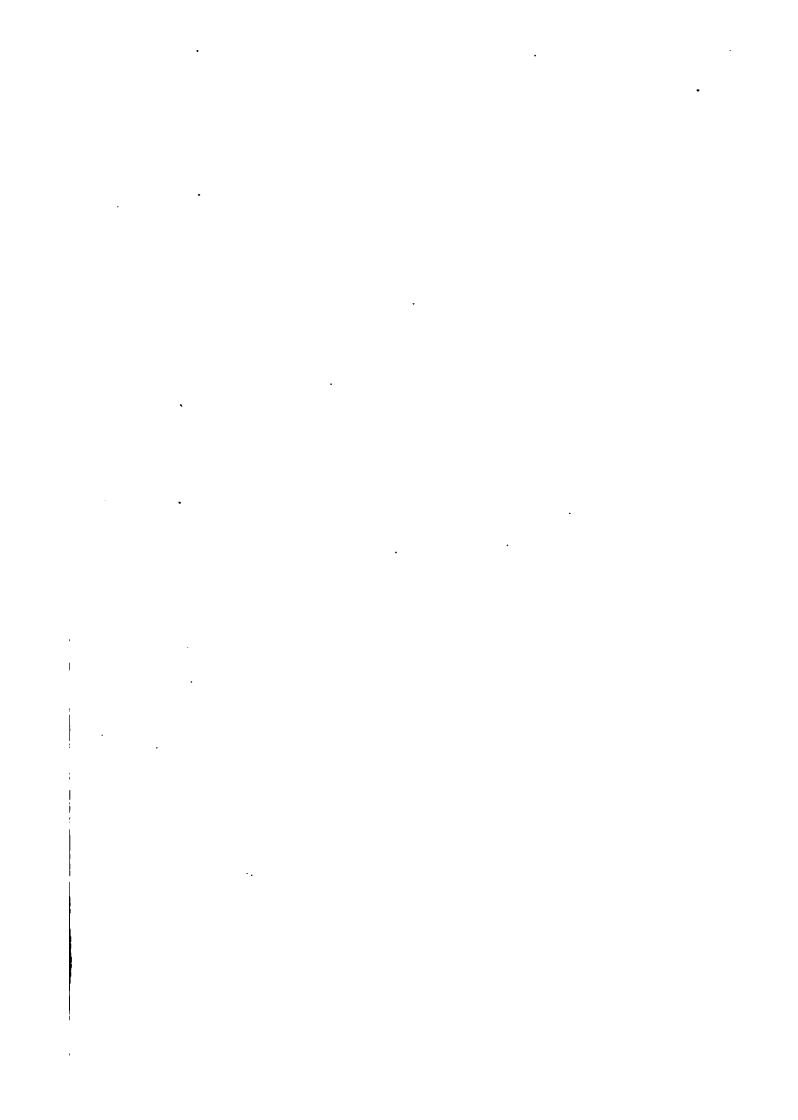
Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune.

Keep good company, and be one of the number.

Little minds, like weakest liquors, are soonest soured,

Let the shipwrecks of others be your sea-marks.

Light cares cry aloud, but great ones are dumb.
 Loud threatnings make men stubborn.
 Much coin, much care; much meat, much malady.
 Modesty is not only an ornament but a guard to virtue.
 Many have suffered by talking, but few by silence.
 Make provision for want in time of plenty.
 Malice seldom wants a mark to shoot at.
 Misfortune is the touchstone of friendship.
 Man purposes, but God disposes.
 Not he that has little, but he that wants much, is poor.
 None have less praise than those who hunt most after it.
 Never speak to deceive nor listen to betray.
 Of all prodigality that of time is the worst.
 Of all poverty that of the mind is most deplorable.
 Of all flatterers self-love is the greatest.
 One ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit.
 Only trust thyself and another shall not betray thee.
 One vice is more expensive than many virtues.
 Pardon others often, thyself seldom.
 Positive men are most often in error.
 Perfection is the point at which all should aim.
 Pride in beauty is like a flaw in a diamond.
 Power discovers the real disposition of a man.
 Prefer that glory that will endure to all eternity.
 Prolix discourses are seldom either prolific or profitable.
 Quick landlords make careful tenants.
 Quarrels are easily begun but with difficulty ended.
 Resist false doctrine, but call no man heretic.
 Religious contention is Satan's harvest.



NOV 30 1943



